



MARY
BALDWIN
COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOLUME FIFTEEN NUMBER TWO SPRING 2001

**VWIL's
First Class**
Where are they now?

Trail Mix
Alumnae lace
up their boots

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Change is a constant in any vibrant institution, and we have had our share over the last years. There are moments, however, that bring momentous, significant, arresting change. They make us pause and ponder. Jim Lott's retirement is such a moment. It was only one year after I came to Mary Baldwin College that Dr. James D. Lott became the dean of the college, the chief academic officer, the most significant, most formative person in shaping the academic life of MBC.

Bringing with him much promise, he aroused our greatest expectations ... and he lived up to all of them all. Over 15 years, he has provided outstanding leadership and stability as we have sailed forth in magnificent academic ways. His tenure has seen us evolve as a college and firmly establish the Program for the Exceptionally Gifted, grow vigorously in the Adult Degree Program, and create the Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership. He led the establishment of the Master of Arts in Teaching program, but did not stop there. Through its accreditation in January 1993, he laid the foundation for all future master's level programs at

MBC. Most recently, the M.Litt. and MFA in Shakespeare and Renaissance Literature in Performance are building on that necessary foundation of accreditation.

I want to express here the deepest gratitude of all members of the college community, not only in Staunton but throughout the academic centers representing the Adult Degree Program and the Master of Arts in Teaching, and including our friends and alumnae/i nationally and internationally. We have the profoundest respect and affection for Jim. We owe him an immeasurable debt of thanks for providing us with his outstanding gifts, intellectual and of the heart, since 1964.

Even as we look back with gratitude and praise, however, we also look forward. The progress Jim created must be sustained. We owe him our determination to move on, as we must. We will honor him through our future achievements.

But at this moment we pause. ...

Thank you, Jim, for work well done. We join as a community in wishing you and your family everything that is good as you embark on your next exciting adventure.

Cynthia Tyson



PHOTO BY DAN BROGAN



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Art Director: Gretchen L. Newman
Assistant Editor: Sherry R. Cox '99

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First Captain Kristy Wheeler '01 and Lieutenant Kara Reese '01.
the VWIL Anniversary Parade, March 31, 2001.

photo by Ian Bradshaw





Mascot Portal Serves MBC Community

As of February 6, Mary Baldwin has an online activity and information center at <http://www.mbc.mascot.com>. General campus announcements and events information are visible to anyone who visits the site. Password-protected portions of the site allow students, faculty, and staff to access campus directories, post announcements, chat, and communicate internally and externally in other innovative ways. The Mascot site interconnects with the college's public and instructional web sites. This new tool, generally available only at larger colleges and universities, is aimed at promoting student services and campus communication.

Tyson President-Elect of Southern Association of Colleges and Schools

President Cynthia H. Tyson was elected president-elect of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools (SACS), the regional accrediting agency for all educational institutions in 11 southern states, during its annual meeting in Atlanta, GA, in December. As president-elect, Tyson will assist the current SACS president in directing the South's educators in formulating policy for the accreditation of the region's member schools and colleges. In the absence of the president, she will represent SACS in all presidential functions. Tyson will assume the office of president in December 2001.

Tyson has held a variety of positions with SACS, including vice-chair and secretary of the Commission on Colleges and the commission's Executive Council, serving on the commission's Program Planning Committee, and serving as the presenter during sessions of annual meetings.

Accreditation is a process concerned with improving the quality of education and assuring the public that member institutions meet established standards. SACS is a non-governmental, voluntary agency, one of six regional accrediting organizations in the United States. Its membership consists of more than 12,000 accredited public and private institutions ranging from university level down to pre-kindergarten level. Founded in 1895 and headquartered in Decatur, GA, the association works with schools and colleges in 11 southern states from Virginia through Texas, and with American-style schools in Mexico, the Caribbean, and in Central and South America.

MBC and PVCC Expand Partnership to Provide Teacher Licensure

In an effort to meet the statewide demand for certified teachers, Mary Baldwin College and Piedmont Virginia Community College (PVCC) in Charlottesville, VA, have expanded their partnership to include a guaranteed admissions agreement. This agreement will allow students to move smoothly from the community college into an MBC undergradu-

ate teacher education program. It also provides for dissemination of information about the other avenues of teacher licensure available through MBC.

Under the agreement signed in February by President Cynthia H. Tyson and PVCC President Frank Friedman, undergraduates may transfer PVCC credits into MBC's traditional or Adult Degree programs. College graduates, whether employed as provisional teachers or in other professions, may pursue certification via MBC's Post Graduate Teacher Licensure (PGTL) program. Existing teachers or other professionals may also seek post-graduate teacher training through the Master of Arts in Teaching (MAT) program at Mary Baldwin. Depending on their program, students can take advantage of increasing numbers of MBC courses and student teaching opportunities in the Charlottesville area, as well as in Richmond and Staunton.

The original MBC-PVCC agreement, which was signed in 1985, provided adult students with the opportunity to complete a baccalaureate degree without leaving Charlottesville. It inaugurated the first public-private higher education cooperative program in the Commonwealth. The new agreement expands the partnership to focus specifically on preparing teachers and to include PGTL and MAT.

PEG Perfect Fit for New Director

On July 1, Judith Shuey will take over from Celeste Rhodes as only the third director in the history of the Program for the Exceptionally Gifted (PEG), and she is delighted.

"My whole work history has been in education," she says, "the majority with adolescents. I love working in a college setting, but I also love working with adolescents. This job is a rare chance to do both. Eighteen- to 19-year-old college students are already formed to a large degree. With the younger students, I have a chance to make a difference."

Shuey earned her B.A. in economics at Bridgewater College and her M.A. in counseling psychology at James Madison University. Before coming to Mary Baldwin as the director of PEG residence life, she was a high school guidance counselor and director of



Judith Shuey

career counseling at Bridgewater. All Shuey's jobs have been "possibility" work, she points out, helping people see what possibilities are available to them.

Celeste Rhodes, director of PEG since 1985, will be moving into a new role at the college: teaching in the Master of Arts in Teaching program half time and half time following up with PEG alumnae in order to document what PEG has accomplished and why it has been successful. "I believe the results will support the effectiveness of a women's college environment and acceleration for gifted," she says. Besides teaching in the MAT program, she will be helping establish a specialization for MAT in teaching exceptional students.

"I wanted to leave feeling confident the program would continue to be strong," she reflects. "I think I'll be doing that. That's very fulfilling for me. The program is established and well known in the field. Students and alumnae are thriving. A goal I had was the establishment of scholarships. We now have three major PEG scholarships: the PEG Academic Achievement Scholarships, the Rita Dove Frontrunner Scholarship, and the PEG Endowed Scholarship."

Ethics Debate Team Captures Honors

Demonstrating excellence in intellectual analysis, public speaking, and argumentation, the Mary Baldwin Ethics Debate Team ranked second among 15 Virginia independent colleges in the Ethics Bowl Tournament held at Marymount University on February 12. In competition emceed by veteran newsmen Roger Mudd, Mary Baldwin's debaters defeated teams from the University of Richmond, Hampden-Sydney College, and Sweet Briar College, placing second to an all-senior team from Washington & Lee University.

MBC team members Danielle Correll '01, Jamie Curley '02, Katysue Tillman '03, Holly Moskowitz '03, and Jessica Puglisi '04 were selected last fall and have practiced throughout the winter in preparation for the competition. Roderic L. Owen, professor of

philosophy, serves as the team's advisor and coach.

Sponsored by the Virginia Foundation for Independent Colleges (VFIC) and funded by a grant from the Batten Family Foundation, the program requires each college team to analyze, assume positions, and debate stands on a variety of case studies that pose challenging moral dilemmas. The overall theme of the case studies this year was "Ethics and Technology."

MBC Students Brighten Young Lives with Dance

Learning dance steps from Mary Baldwin students was a popular activity this spring at a local after-school program aimed at latchkey and at-risk middle school children. One afternoon a week, Irene Sarnelle, assistant professor of physical education, and the MBC Performing Dance Group shared their love of dance with youngsters at the Staunton Community Learning Center located at Shelburne Middle School. They were assisted by students from Sarnelle's ballroom, historical, and multi-cultural dance classes and Team 2000. Students of all ages enjoyed English country dances, contra dance basics, and Irish set dances, as well as the two-step, polka, cha-cha, waltz, and swing, the children's favorite.



The dance project was the suggestion of Michelle Jones '00, who is employed at the center as a result of her student internship there last year. Its effects have gone far beyond teaching fancy footwork to 30 adolescents. According to Anne Munsey, director of the learning center, "The students have been exposed to an entirely different culture than what they are used to. The Mary Baldwin women have been good influences, encouraging the youngsters to use their talents and to think about going to college."

Sarnelle added, "This was wonderful opportunity for the young women at Mary



Photo by Sharon Farmer

Former White House Photographer Lectures at College

In February, Sharon Farmer presented a slide lecture of her work, "Photo-Activism at the White House." Hired as a White House photographer in 1993, Farmer served as the director of the White House Photography Office from 1999 until President Clinton's last day in office in January 2001. She has over 25 years' experience as a professional photojournalist and fine art photographer.



Bryan Leads Basketball Team to Tourney Win

On February 18, the MBC Fighting Squirrels captured the Atlantic Women's Colleges Conference (AWCC) title in a 73-58 win over Wilson College. This season was the first for Head Basketball Coach Jacquelyn B. Bryan, whose team completed the regular season with a 11-1 conference record and 17-9 overall record. Commenting on the team's performance, Bryan said, "It has been a really exciting season! The girls played with a lot of heart and determination. Our goal was to win the conference championship, and they were not going to let anyone take that away from them. I am very proud to be associated with such a team."

Baldwin to have a very positive impact on this community. Everyone involved ... was enriched."

On March 30, the young students were invited to "strut their stuff" on campus as guests at the Performing Dance Group's Celtic Contra Connection dance event.

Building Better Opportunities

In December, the Mary Baldwin community once again opened its heart to the larger community by participating in a Habitat for Humanity build in Staunton. Thanks to nine faculty and staff who spent hours wielding paint brushes along with other Habitat volunteers, a deserving area family began 2001 in its own home.

The latest build — house No. 23 for the area Habitat affiliate — was just one the workdays that Mary Baldwin faculty, staff, and students have participated in since establishing the Mary Baldwin Chapter of Habitat for Humanity in 1994. James Gilman, professor of religion and philosophy and chapter advisor, estimates that the Mary Baldwin community has been involved in building 12-15 houses in the Staunton-Augusta-Waynesboro area. In addition, in spring 1999 Mary Baldwin participated in a 5K run fundraiser, and MBC students have answered Habitat's Collegiate Challenge,

traveling to builds in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Virginia during spring break. This year, 10 MBC students participated in a build in North Philadelphia.

"I can always depend on Mary Baldwin people to work," said Gilman. "In fact, the local affiliate knows that and always calls on us, particularly at the last minute, because Mary Baldwin is so reliable."

Communication Students and Staff Launch MBC-TV

This spring, Mary Baldwin launched its third closed-circuit television channel, MBC-TV, expanding beyond satellite and internal message board programming provided by the existing channels.

Supported by communication students and Audio-Visual Services staff, Channel 64 broadcasts student news, entertainment, events, and interviews. Regular features include "The President's Corner," which gives the Student Government Association president an opportunity to address the student body, and "Face to Face," which airs interviews with student leaders and administrators. The channel also offers programming of interest to college students from the Zilo Networks, as well as various educational and supplemental programs requested by college instructors.

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At the invitation of president of the Virginia Board of Education, **Brenda L. Bryant**, director of the college's Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership, will



serve on the Virginia Board of Education's newly formed Leadership Development Committee. The committee includes persons who have distinguished themselves in leadership roles and in providing leadership training. Bryant earned her A.B. from Vassar College, her M.A. from Catholic University, and her MPA and DPA from the University of Southern California. Washington Public Affairs Center.

Frank R. Southerington, professor of English, has assumed additional duties as director of Mary Baldwin's new M.Litt./MFA program in Shakespeare and Renaissance Literature in Performance. Born and educated in England, Southerington holds his B.A. from University College, London, and his B.Litt. and D.Phil. from Magdalen College, Oxford. He is a former director of Mary



Baldwin's Oxford University program and a veteran director/performer for college and community theatre productions.

Alice Araujo, assistant professor of communications, completed her Ph.D. in communication studies from the University of Kansas in November. She has been elected

secretary for the Undergraduate Small College and University Division of the National Communication Association.

Currie Carter, ADP computer science adjunct and a Microsoft Certified Trainer, has earned the Microsoft Certified Site Engineer Certificate, one of Microsoft's three highest certifications.

Mary Baldwin division coordinators chose **Vladimir Garkov**, assistant professor of chemistry, **Stevens Garlick**, professor of German (ADP), **Kathy McCleaf**, associate professor of physical education, and **Daniel Metraux**, professor of Asian studies, to participate in the duPont Summer Faculty Workshops.

Sarah Kennedy, assistant professor of English, won the 2001 Nebraska Review Award in Poetry for her poems "Operation" and "Lilies and Iris."

Lou Moore, MBC field hockey coach, spent the Thanksgiving break in West Palm Beach, FL, coaching the Southeast Blue sectional team at the National Field Hockey Festival. This has been a national tournament since 1922 and has evolved into the world's largest amateur field hockey event, hosting over 3,000 players on more than 170 teams from all over the country.

publications papers presentations

Katharine Brown, adjunct professor of history, co-authored *Christ Church, Lancaster County, Virginia*, a history and architectural guidebook. Brown also presented a paper, "Scots-Irish Presbyterianism in Scotland, Ulster, and the American South," at a symposium of British and U.S. scholars at Emory University in Atlanta, GA.

"The Orchard," a poem by **Joe Garrison**, professor emeritus of English, was published in the 25th annual issue of the *Hampden-Sydney Poetry Review*.

Fidelity of Heart: An Ethic of Christian Virtue by **James Gilman**, professor of religion and philosophy, has been published by Oxford University Press.

Judy Klein, professor of economics, made a presentation on the history of science, technology, and medicine at a colloquium at UCLA.

University Press of America published the latest book by **Daniel Metraux**, professor of Asian studies: *The International Expansion of a Buddhist Movement: The Soka Gakkai in Southeast Asia and Australia*. Metraux presented the paper "How Young Japanese Women view the World" at the meeting of the Association for Asian Studies Southeast Chapter in Tallahassee, FL.

Adrian Riskin, assistant professor of mathematics, presented "Further Results on the Enumeration of n-Polyhedral Embeddings of Some Polyhedrally Embedded Graphs on the Torus" to the Georgetown University Mathematics Department.

news continued

Depending on staff and financial support next year, Allan Moye, director of Audio-Visual Services and instructor of communication, hopes to telecast student Senate meetings, special events, and lectures, variety shows, and MBC announcements. Says Moye, "MBC-TV is an invaluable training program for our students. It also could be a vital part of campus life and a great way of communicating for any group on campus."

Mary Baldwin Participates in Pilot Financial Management Program

Mary Baldwin is one of six colleges and universities nationwide participating in a pilot program designed by Nellie Mae, a provider of loans for education, to provide on-line financial management guidance for students. Jacquelyn Elliott-Wonderley, dean of admissions and financial aid, describes FinMan as "a fast, low-key way to reach students about how to manage their money." In this first year of the FinMan program, students

received e-mailed tips about budgeting, cautious use of credit cards, scholarships, and searching for summer employment.

In an approach unique to the college, MBC sends the messages jointly from the dean of admissions and financial aid and the dean for career development and freshmen services. Says Elliott-Wonderley, "We support the notion that not only is FinMan a financial learning tool, but also a 'life-planning' tool, hence the hand-in-hand approach."



VWIL'S FIRST CLASS

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



THE VIRGINIA WOMEN'S INSTITUTE FOR LEADERSHIP (VWIL) graduated its first class from Mary Baldwin College in May 1999. The program's designers anticipated that graduates would seek positions of responsibility in their communities and career fields. They knew that the unique experience was not only a fine liberal arts education, but preparation for the challenges of the world of work as well. Now, six years since the program's inception, we look at where those pioneers are today.



The class of 1999

(l to r) front row: Jennifer Lordan, Kimberly Primerano, Trimble Bailey, Jennifer Vergne, Melissa Carr, Cristina White
second row: Aimee Herrera, Sherri Sharpe, Sherri McCracken, Sue Ko, Kristin Ohleger
third row: Shannon Baylis, Allyson Hatfield, Katherine Grisdale, Michelle Rogerson, Amalie Charbonnet
back row: Megan Robinson, Kristen VanWegen, Michelle Payant, Karen Zellznak, Janet Kreckman, Jennifer Atkins

Melissa Carr

After graduating in May of 1999, Melissa "took a leap of faith" and moved to Nashville, TN. There it only took her two weeks to land a job as an office assistant with the artist management company Borman Entertainment. The company represents Faith Hill, Trace Adkins, Lonestar, Dwight Yoakam, and James Taylor. "I know that without the demands of VWIL and the commitment it took, I would never have had the audacity to strike out on my own," she says.

Kim Primerano

When Kim graduated, she commissioned in the Marine Corps and reported immediately to The Basic School at Quantico, VA. There she received her first pick of duty station and career field: communications officer at Camp Pendleton, San Diego, CA. Six months later she graduated from Basic School and went to work at Amphibious Warfare School for four months, then entered the Communications and Information Systems Course. She is now the radio platoon commander, Alpha Company, 9th Communications Battalion, 1st Marine Expeditionary Force. Her platoon provides all the radio transmission means to the 1st Marine Expeditionary Brigade.

Aimee Hererra

Aimee majored in international relations and is working under the Department of Defense at the National Imagery and Mapping Agency in Fairfax, VA. Her job gives her many opportunities for travel and training, the most recent being a month in India and other countries in South Asia. "VWIL taught me to persevere, think positively, and be strong both in will and effort," she says. "I learned many lessons as a cadet, but the most important of them was to do all that I could and then some more."

Shannon Baylis Sarino

Shannon is the assistant managing editor of the Gaithersburg and Montgomery Village Gazettes in Virginia. She writes 2-4 articles a week and two columns, in addition to copy editing the entire paper and doing the design. She is also actively training and raising money for the Avon Breast Cancer 3-Day, a 60-mile, three-day walk from Frederick, MD, to Washington, DC.

Sherri Sharpe Leek

As a 1st lieutenant in the Army, Sherri is stationed at Hunter Army Airfield in Savannah GA. She moved there in November after completing flight school and the advanced qualification course for CH-47 Chinook helicopters at Ft. Rucker in Alabama. She is currently the section leader for a Chinook Flight Platoon.

Kristen Blair VanWegen

Kristen began working at an ad agency in Alexandria, VA, after graduation. Now she is the national sales coordinator with DC101, a major Washington-area radio station. "VWIL taught me a lot about character during those four years," she says, "and I find myself learning those lessons again and again in life."

Michelle Payant

Michelle is stationed at Miesau Army Depot in Germany, the largest ammunition depot outside of the U.S. She is the mag platoon leader for the 191st Ordnance Battalion, 23rd Ordnance Company. Her platoon collects ammunition when it is requested and sends it out.

Allyson Hatfield

After graduation, Allyson joined The Pillsbury Company on their WalMart Team in Bentonville, AR. She has since moved to Atlanta, GA, and is working for IN ZONE Inc., a plastics manufacturer. She is the customer service manager and sales analyst mainly responsible for the WalMart, KMart, and Target accounts. She plans to go to graduate school for her MBA in marketing within the next three years. She says, "I honestly feel like my days in VWIL helped prepare me for my life in 'the real world.' I interviewed with several companies before deciding on IN ZONE, and they were all thoroughly impressed with my VWIL experiences."

Jennifer Atkins

Jennifer is attending graduate school at Old Dominion University in Norfolk, VA, to earn her master's degree and Virginia Teaching License. She will finish in August with teaching endorsements in business education and marketing education along with a master's degree in occupational and technical studies. "I have spent a lot of time reflecting on school and challenges I have had in life," she says. "I can



VWIL Wilderness Retreat, August 1995

truly say that I got to know myself during my time at Mary Baldwin and through the challenges of the VWIL program. As a teacher, I have shared my experiences with my students and encouraged them to do things that will lead to opportunities in the future ... MBC and VWIL gave me the foundation to be prepared for success in work and in life. I have the confidence to fight any battle and climb any mountain as tough and dangerous as it may seem."

Karen Zeliznak Bailey

Karen is working in Hawaii in the state's largest destination management company. She has responsibility for managing meetings and events. Corporations, associations, and other groups hire her to organize and operate their programs in Hawaii. She was recently promoted to account manager, her third promotion in the year she has been with the company.

Trimble Bailey

In May 1999, Trimble commissioned in the Air Force and immediately received inactive status to allow her to attend medical school. She is now at Eastern Virginia Medical School in Norfolk, VA, working on her MD degree. "I feel a huge pull," she says, "towards the area of women's health. I see a real need in our communities (and heaven knows the military could use a few good women physicians). I really think that my experiences at VWIL opened my eyes to a path that I otherwise might not have taken. Military, women's medicine ... It will be interesting to see how it all comes together over the next few years."



PHOTO BY HELEN ANDERSON

Michelle Rogerson

Michelle commissioned into the Army and went immediately to Korea, where she was in the 2nd Infantry Division as part of the 302 forward support battalion at Camp Casey. As a platoon leader, she was responsible for all the administration and concerns of over 90 soldiers. She was then promoted to 1st lieutenant. She will be stationed in Fort Bragg, NC, for the next three years.

Jennifer Lordan

While taking courses in physics and medical terminology, Jennifer is working as a rehabilitation technician in the therapy department of the Sheltering Arms Rehabilitation Hospital in Hanover, VA. She is assisting with the treatment of patients recovering from such things as strokes and hip replacements.

Kristin Ohleger

Kristin commissioned into the Navy. She attended flight school in Texas and received her wings in February 2001. She is now a naval aviator flying the SH60 Foxtrof helicopter, a carrier-based aircraft. She will be involved primarily in search and rescue operations. "This is the best thing I could have ever done!" she says.

Megan Robinson

Megan is working as manager of educational services at The Advisory Board Company, a strategic research and publishing firm in Washington, DC. She is also training and fundraising for the Avon Breast Cancer 3-Day.

Janet Kreckman

Janet is working in media services for Barber Martin Advertising in Richmond, VA and learning how to buy radio, television, and print advertising. She hopes to move up to full "media buyer" soon.

Amalie Charbonnet

Amalie reported to Newport, RI, Surface Warfare School as an ensign in the Navy immediately after graduation. Next was Communications School and Gunnery School. In November, Amalie deployed as the gunnery officer and ordnance officer aboard the USS Hewitt. She is currently with Operation Southern Watch in the Arabian Gulf.

Sue Ko

Sue Ko is studying for her doctor of chiropractic degree at the National University of Health Sciences in Lombard, IL. She expects to graduate in 2004.

Sherri McCracken

Sherri is in her final semester at the Medical College of Virginia. She is a rehabilitation teacher at the Virginia Department of the Blind and Vision Impaired helping people maintain or acquire independence. She will receive her degree in rehabilitation counseling this spring.

Katherine Grisdale

After commissioning in the Army, Katherine attended the Signal Officer Basic Course at Ft. Gordon, GA. Five months later she was sent to Germany to be the signal officer for the 101st Military Intelligence Battalion, First Infantry Division. In Germany, she was deployed down-range to Kosovo for seven months, where she was the operations battle captain for 101 MI (military intelligence). After returning from Kosovo, she moved to the 121st, where she was the large extension node platoon leader for Charlie Company. She was promoted to 1st lieutenant in November. Currently, she is the executive officer for Charlie Company and the only female officer.

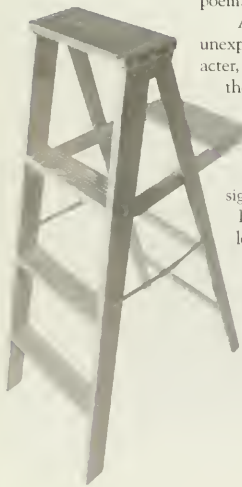
The Construction of “Framing”

by Sarah Kennedy

The beginning of a poem, for me, is usually a nagging phrase or image. Often, that initial impulse to write disappears in drafting and revising, but sometimes it remains an integral part of the poem, needing perhaps to be moved, enhanced, or muted. The latter was the case in the drafting of “Framing.” This poem began with the image of the speaker poised at the top of a ladder watching approaching military jets, an experience grounded in my personal history. I did once build a house, and I often had to withstand the noise of the jets that cut right across the property I lived on during their maneuvers. By itself, however, the event didn’t have the impact or resonance to make a poem.

As I recorded details, however, an unexpected thing happened: another character, the speaker’s husband, appeared in the poem, standing on a ladder at the other end of the beam she was holding. What unconscious forces produced his appearance I don’t know, but once there, his presence signaled the larger issues for the poem. Here’s what the first draft of “Framing” looked like:

We’re opposing each other at the corners of the last beam
Before the rafters go up, and you poise the hammer,
Ready to strike. I’m wound around the other end,
Shouldering the wood into place. *Ready?*
You call, and I nod. It’s the first word
Either of us has said all afternoon, though we’ve been working
Arm against arm since lunch, measuring, correcting, jostling
The unwieldy thing through the saw. We set two ladders
And climbed into place without letting eyes meet,
Hoisted our ends of rope-locked wood onto corner-posts.
I don’t remember what we began with this time,
My pilot father’s disdain for the farming life, your father’s
Dislike of a woman with a hammer in her hand? You might have said,
I’m just not built like your father, that could have been enough,
I might have said, *This isn’t his home anymore, is it?* And that
Would have cut it. I draped my arms over the beam and stared down
Into the skeleton box that we already call our living room until
You rocked the beam without looking my way. Now I’m waiting
For the ripple of the hammer-blow to startle my skin, but nothing comes.
I look up, and you’re staring at the horizon north of here.
You’re quiet, but I already know what you’re seeing: military jets
Slicing this way on maneuvers, always so low in the sky
That they sent one of last weekend’s gliders diving, who thought
He was flying safe. I see them now, too, five of them in formation,
But we won’t hear them until the sonic boom shakes our fingers loose,
Long after they’re past our heads. What else is there to do but hang on?
It’s too late to tell you that I’ve always been afraid of heights. I stretch
My arm down the pale body of the poplar, for stability, for balance.
I brace my cheek and feel the whole frame start to tremble.
I see you reaching out, too, there’s nothing for us to do but hold on.
Even if you shouted out now, *take it down, take it down*,
I wouldn’t be able to hear you over the scream of blood in my ears.



This draft got down on paper many of the details I wanted and set the stage for the conflict between the speaker (I chose first person for immediacy) and her husband. As I re-read this draft, however, two problems became clear. First, I'd started with an "idea" — the opposition of the two characters — and tried to drive that through the poem with language and detail to support it — "the first word/ either of us has said all afternoon," "that/ would have cut it," "without looking my way" — instead of looking for ways to dramatize the conflict. Second, many of the details about the jets — their number, their noise, the fact that they'd almost hit a glider — were true to my experience, but irrelevant to the argument between the characters, which had emerged as an issue larger than the speaker and the jets. The ending, too, seemed both histrionic for the character and anti-climactic for the anger between the couple, a disastrous combination for a poem.

What to do? The first step, painful as it was, was to eliminate unnecessary details and repetition. Last weekend's glider needed to go. The speaker's husband didn't need to repeat *take it down*, especially since he never actually says it; she only imagines that he might. The couple didn't need to avoid looking at each other twice.

Still, the problem of the abstract opening remained. I wanted to keep the word "oppose" in some form to initiate the poem's tone toward the marriage, but the poem fell flat right in the first line. But there, in line three, was the phrase "the other end." Other? What about "opposing"? The solution presented itself, and suddenly other options for condensing the language and tightening the poem became obvious. A "woman with a hammer in her hand" became a "woman wielding a hammer" (which necessitated, domino-fashion, the change of "unwieldy thing" to "bulky thing"). The "ripple of the hammer-blow" became the "hammer-blow's ripple," eliminating a boring and unnecessary preposition. The rhetorical question was a stronger, more dramatic expression of the speaker's feelings than the flat statement, "there's nothing for us to do but hold on," so I moved the question and discarded the statement. I combined the two sentences describing how the speaker clings to the beam into one.

The poem was tightening up nicely, but the ending still wasn't right. What was it about this couple I was trying to convey?

Well, there was building (a house, a marriage), there was anger (at each other, at their fathers), there was the shared irrational fear of the jets. Most of all, however, there was *silence*. Even when they speak, or imagine they speak, this couple fails to understand or really answer each other. The "whole frame" of their marriage is starting to "tremble." They've talked at each other, but they haven't talked *with* each other. Having realized this, I discovered the solution to my ending: invert the order of the speaker's thoughts, so that she's aware of her loud pulse, but more aware that, no matter what her husband said, she couldn't (wouldn't) hear him.

Is this poem "finished"? It feels so to me, today, right now, though as I printed it up for this article, I discovered a phrase that I let stand when the poem was published, the tag is it? at the end of one question that seems now to need to go. Was it Eliot who reminded us that poems are never finished, just abandoned? That's probably the case with "Framing." After all, my glider now floats out there without a place to land and may need a poem of his own.

FRAMING

At the corner of the last beam before the rafters
go up, you poise the hammer, ready to strike.
I'm wound around the opposing end,

shouldering the wood into place. *Ready?*
you call, and I nod: the first word
of the afternoon, though we've been working

arm against arm, measuring, correcting, jostling
the bulky thing through the saw. We set two ladders,
climbed into place, and, without letting eyes meet,

hoisted our ends of rope-locked wood onto corner-posts.
What did we begin with this time, my father's
disdain for the farming life, your father's

dislike of a woman wielding a hammer? You
might have said, *I'm just not built like your father,*
I might have said, *this isn't his place anymore.*

Draping my arms over the wood, I stared down
into the skeleton box of our living room
until you rocked the beam. Now I wait

for the hammer-blow's ripple to startle my skin,
but nothing comes. You're staring at the horizon: jets
in formation slice this way on maneuvers. We won't hear

them until the sonic boom shakes our fingers loose.
I stretch my arm down the poplar's pale body
for stability, brace my cheek, and balance

while the whole frame start to tremble. It's too late
to tell you I've always been afraid
of heights. You're reaching out, too. What else

is there for us to do but hold on? Even
if you shouted out now, *take it down*, against
the blood-beat in my ears, I couldn't hear.



Sarah Kennedy is an assistant professor of English at Mary Baldwin. She is the author of a book of poetry, *From the Midland Plain* (Tryon Publishers, 1999), and is winner of the 2001 Nebraska Review Award in Poetry.



CELEBRATING JIM LOTT

ON JUNE 30, 2001, JAMES D. LOTT WILL RETIRE FROM MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE AFTER 37 YEARS OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND DEAN OF THE COLLEGE. MANY OF US FIND IT DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE THE COLLEGE WITHOUT HIM.



photo by Ian Frankshaw

An Answer for Jim Lott

I give a poem
 To a good friend
 As a first way
 Of thanking him
 For a question.
 Taking my words
 In his hands, he
 Leaves without
 Speaking. I sit
 On a marble step,
 Letting him go
 But wanting to
 Run. I must wait,
 My arms chilled,
 My watch undone.
 He is a best reader, and he
 Will know if I
 Have honored him.

— Joe Garrison

If I could have my way in the matter, I would like to walk into one of the classrooms in the old Academic Building and see my good friend and English discipline colleague, Jim Lott, seated at one of the tables in the classroom getting ready to begin the afternoon class jointly taught by us for senior English majors in the early 1970s. Our textbook was entitled, quite simply, *The Poem: An Anthology*; but the pages of my worn desk copy are still crowded with the marginal comments, markings, and preparation ideas which I am now rereading as I begin to relive, for a few moments, some of the remarkable ways in which Jim shared with me, and with our students, his skills and gifts as a master teacher of the language arts.

Tucked between two pages of that textbook, I find a note, bearing a student's name, which I had passed across the table to him during a class. And I know that he will see that student named Polly Roulac (Class of 1970) just as clearly now as he did 31 years ago when, with a widely curious and almost luminous smile, she asked a question about one of the strophes in William Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood."

Jim responded to Polly's question with another question, a question about the odd mixture of images of sound and sight in four lines of the fourth strophe of the poem:

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 — But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone. ...

And anyone who was in that classroom, hearing the true pitch of Jim's teaching voice as he read those lines aloud to us, will always remember his loyalty to the wakefulness of spoken words, just as anyone who was in Hunt Lounge on that beautiful spring afternoon two years ago, attending the college's presentation of faculty and staff service awards, will always remember Jim's joy as he joined me in saying two lines by Robert Frost, and will also remember yet again and again the pure wonder and delight of his voice as it rose and broke in the full happiness of having known the lines so immediately and so well that he might even have been said to have written them himself:

The Span of Life
 The old dog barks backward without getting up.
 I can remember when he was a pup.

So let this story be recorded here, in a public place, as my story of gratefulness to Jim for the two thousand and one ways in which the teachings and learnings at Mary Baldwin College have been made better, by his part in their makings, than they might otherwise have been made. Thank you, Jim.

— Joe Garrison
 Professor Emeritus of English



“I believe that Jim loves his life. Family, children, grandchildren, friends, without question. The world of ideas, without question; he loves being around talented, educated, intelligent people. But he also loves the real world. He enjoys the foibles and eccentricities a college serves up in quantity. He likes getting to know new people, coming to understand how they work, coming to appreciate strengths and weaknesses. He likes the view from his window.”

I could write a book about Jim because I admire him so much after 15 years in the administrative foxhole with him.

I have always been amazed by how well adjusted Jim is emotionally. No matter what kind of pressures he has faced, I've never caught him depressed or in a bad mood. He's never more than a word or two from a smile and a chuckle. He is blessed with the kind of wisdom that never lets him lose perspective and the kind of generosity of spirit that lets him shrug off issues that would leave most of us muttering to ourselves.

We've been through some very tough times together — budget crises, tenure decisions, faculty uproar, legal threats, the kind of things it's hard to laugh at. But no matter how hard things are, Jim is always Jim. I remember the times we'd sneak cigarettes in his office, blowing smoke out the window like school boys so no one would know what we non-smokers were up to while we worked our way through the issue of the day, always with plenty of humor. Jim would laugh and say, “Now what else can we do to destroy the last vestige of academic integrity?” It's one of our standing jokes.

I believe that Jim loves his life. Family, children, grandchildren, friends, without question. The world of ideas, without question; he loves being around talented, educated, intelligent people. But he also loves the real world. He enjoys the foibles and eccentricities a college serves up in quantity. He likes getting to know new people, coming to understand how they work, coming to appreciate strengths and weaknesses. He likes the view from his window.

- Lewis Askegaard
Registrar and Associate Dean

I first met Jim when we were M.A. students at Vanderbilt. He was bright and fun to be with. But when study time was over in the evening, he always disappeared to see Pam. Who was this mysterious person? Was there such a person? Did he just want to rid himself of us? We wondered.

Jim was hired to teach English at Mary Baldwin College in 1964. I met Pam when I came to the college for an interview in 1965.

She was anything but mythical. She was Jim's wife! And they have been a team for all these years, supporting and entertaining students and colleagues. When the English department had visiting scholars come to speak to our students, the Lotts often hosted evenings with good food and fun conversations.

With his intelligence, his wit, and his knowledge of the college, Jim was a perfect choice in 1986 for dean of the college. I wanted him to be dean, but it was with mixed emotions: I would lose a friend; students would lose an outstanding teacher; the English department would lose a valued colleague.

I was wrong on all counts.

Jim taught, despite all the demands on his time, World Literature and 18th Century Literature. His teaching helped him keep in touch with faculty and students. And he supported students in all their endeavors — theater, sports, concerts. In fact, he attended more student activities than any of us on the faculty.

Another thing I appreciated as a faculty member was Jim's ability to manage potentially divisive faculty meetings. An unfortunate disagreement often ended with laughter as he lightened the charged atmosphere with a quip and a gesture.

Jim Lott did not change with position, power, and prestige. He remained himself, a model for all. We say good-bye to this dean, this friend, this teacher, this colleague, but we joy in his leisure to pursue his creative talents. The campus will miss his active presence, but he will, I know, continue to be a vital part of this community.

- Ethel Smeak
Professor Emerita of English

Current students and recent graduates may not know that Jim was once considered quite the faculty honey. Despite being happily married to the wonderful Pam and being the father of David, Mary, Emily, and William, he still had the capacity to set hearts aflutter. In the fall of my senior year, I had the great fun of playing opposite him in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. When one of my hallmates found out who my

castmates were, she nearly swooned. With that dreamy look in her eyes, she gushed, "You get to play opposite Dr. Lott!! You are so lucky!"

Sitting in one of Jim Lott's classes was a joy. From *Paradise Lost* to *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, he brought to life every piece of literature we studied. After all these years, I still think of his approach to literature when I pick up a book.

When Jim became dean of the college, I felt sorry for those students who would be unable to sit in his classes or have him as an advisor, but the college has certainly benefited from his tenure. His quick wit and capacity to listen have served him well, he has taken his praise with humility and his criticism with grace, and he has always been the perfect gentleman.

-Martha Gates Garner '78

I remember Dr. Lott with great fondness. When he was my freshman English professor, he gave the class an assignment to write a short essay about what an average day was like during elementary school years. In my paper I reminisced that after school I liked to watch "Dark Shadows" on television and eat "oriole" cookies. When the papers were graded and being returned, he paused at my desk and said with a sly grin, "Debi, you certainly do have strange preferences in snack foods." I still laugh today remembering my embarrassment.

-Deborah (Debi) Hardie '84

Jim Lott once traveled to Houston, TX, to meet alumnae and read from his own work. After he had read his short story, I told my niece, who attended the gathering with me, how terrific I thought the story was. Later that week, my niece contacted Dean Lott, and he sent her a copy of the story for my birthday. Of course, I was thrilled with my gift. I keep the copy carefully tucked into one of my yearbooks.

-Emily Dethloff Ryan '63

When Jim's appointment as dean was announced, I had to call him. Kidding but

also asking for assurance that his appointment would not damage him, I congratulated him and warned of a disease endemic in academe known as Deanliness. He thanked me for the warning, recognized it as wise, but didn't think he'd be likely to succumb. With an audible grin, he said, "Pam will see to that." He was right; she did, and he went on to serve as a marvelous, undeanly administrator, on a par with Martha Grafton.

I also cherish recollections of his brilliant roles in plays as various as medieval music-dramas for Theater Wagon in France, Oscar Wilde for the Oak Grove, and Gilbert & Sullivan in the Fletcher Collins Theatre. Recollections of his reading his latest short story for a Theater Wagon writers' group on a Sunday afternoon are vivid but less copious because the deanly load eventually gave him less time to write.

To have James D. Lott and Cynthia H.

Tyson simultaneously in the top leadership spots for many years has been an extraordinary gift for the college. It explains the great success of Mary Baldwin during this period — and beyond.

-Fletcher Collins Jr.

Professor Emeritus of Theatre

In 1997-98, Judy Klein, an economics professor at MBC, spent a wonderful year as a fellow at the National Humanities Center outside of Chapel Hill, NC. When she came back, she went straight to Dean Lott and said, "Every Friday afternoon, everyone at the Center, scholars from all over the world, got together and danced. There was no fear of dancing, and it just brought the morale right up. Everyone felt really good, and this is what we should have here." Immediately, Jim said, "Of course. Let's have a party." So he rented McCormick's and told everyone he would cater it and drinks would be on the house. He got Alan Moye to be the disc jockey. So the party went on. (A faculty member from another institution could not believe that a dean was giving a party for his faculty and that it was going to be a rock and roll party.) Jim sent out invitations. Some people said, "Well, we better go because it's the dean giving it," but most people just loved the idea. The house was brought down. The party lasted until closing

"When it was over, we walked out onto the front porch to leave and thanked Jim and Pam. They were standing with their arms around each other. The street was so quiet. Then they started serenading us with "Midnight Ladies," holding both of their arms up, harmonizing perfectly, as we got into the car."

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Southbound

ON THE

Appalachian Trail

by Nina Baxley '92



Ground Zero

THRU-HIKING. I first learned of this phenomenon in 1990. A biology minor at Mary Baldwin College (Go, Squirrels!), I was on Dr. Eric Jones' ecology class field trip to North Carolina's Outer Banks. On that trip, I met Tina Seay, a student who had recently taken a seven-month honeymoon with her husband, Greg. No, they hadn't gone to Europe, Nepal, or some other far-away place. They had hiked the entire Appalachian Trail — a trail that Tina fondly referred to as the "AT," as if it were a nickname for an old, treasured friend. Not only was I impressed by Tina, but I was inspired, too — this sounded like the adventure of a lifetime. Thus, in 1990, my own dream of hiking the AT was born.

Somehow, 10 years managed to go by, and I still hadn't hiked it. Instead, I pursued a couple of academic degrees, moved five times, held six jobs (not all at once), figured out anagrams for people's names (mine is "Axial Benny"), interpreted some dreams, read some books, wrote some songs, raised some cats, and did a myriad of other important (and not-so-important)

things. During that time, my dream of hiking the AT just sort of faded.

Then, at age 30, I found myself all packed and ready to hike for six months. Why then? Unlike many "thru-hikers," (people who attempt to hike the entire trail in a single stretch) I wasn't at any recognizable transition in life. I wasn't graduating, I wasn't having a midlife crisis, I wasn't getting divorced, and I wasn't quite ready to retire. In fact, I was working as a technical writer, which I found both challenging and rewarding, for a company called IEM. I also enjoyed a supportive family, good friends, a nice place to live, and two wonderful cats.

So why was I walking away from it all to hike 2,167 miles? Because I could! Actually, my reasons for thru-hiking were probably no different from many people's reasons. Like most (if not all) hikers, I feel a connection to the woods and get a sense of peace and rejuvenation there that I can't find elsewhere. Hiking sharpens my focus and clears my mind of the petty, trivial thoughts that tend to take over when I'm living in "civilization." I looked forward to experiencing that phenomenon long-term on the AT.



few dark gray clouds, most of them at eye level, began to gather. Above me, the sky was still clear, but I saw several clouds ahead of me take on a

mushroom-like appearance, puffy on top and seeming to stretch thinly toward the earth. I realized with amazement that this was rain falling from the clouds; I was watching "scattered showers" on what must have been an exciting map for a weatherman. I was fascinated to see nature in action this way — what a perspective!

A lake in the distance was underneath one of those clouds, and its waters were choppy from the precipitation. The cloud above it was moving fast — in my direction, no less. I hadn't stood on Avery Peak for five minutes before that cloud was over me, and I felt balls of ice pelting my head. A hailstorm! I quickly took off my pack, covered it with a trash bag, and pulled on my rain jacket. Meanwhile, chilly gusts swept across the summit, and icy hail pelted my bare legs. As soon as I could shoulder my 30-pound pack, I started down the peak, its pointed rocks slick with ice and water. I could feel myself shivering as I made my way down, slipping and

grabbing hold of rocks to keep from falling. I didn't know if I was shivering from fear or hypothermia. I just knew, as the storm grew stronger, that I needed to keep descending until I found safety below the trees.

The hail soon turned into a cold, driving rain. I took a short break at Avery Memorial Campsite, but I couldn't stop long because of the threat of hypothermia. Fully exhausted and chilled to the bone, I made my way over West Peak, which was the second peak of Bigelow Mountain. Somewhere between West Peak and South Horn, the final peak of the day, the lightning started.

I continued hiking. The trail went up, up, up, over slippery, wet rocks. The rain just got harder, and it was nearly horizontal from the heavy winds. I wanted to stop and rest, but I needed to get over the mountain. I shut out all thoughts of fatigue and frustration, and my legs just kept pumping. It was as if my mind were on autopilot, my legs on cruise control.

After what seemed like endless hiking, I found myself at Horns Pond Lean-To that evening, finally safe and surrounded by a handful of other hikers, two of whom had hiked the last two peaks with me. My hands warmed by a steaming cup

of herbal tea, I began to write in my journal. "It's hard to believe I've actually hiked 182.7 miles of the Appalachian Trail," I wrote. "That seems like such a long way. I feel like I've already spent a lifetime out here."

I had started the trail at Mt. Katahdin in Baxter State Park, Maine, on June 20, 2000. Only 1,984.4 miles and five and a half months to go before I would reach Springer Mountain, the southern terminus of the Appalachian Trail.

MILE 2,167.1

**December 2000
Amicalola Falls State
Park, Georgia
Miles Remaining: About
700 miles back to
Louisiana (by CAR!!)**

AT 5:15 A.M., I heard my fellow hiker, whom we called "Not Yet," stirring next to me at Gooch Gap Shelter. I knew it was time. Today was the day we would summit Springer Mountain. Today, after six months of hiking from Maine to Georgia, we would complete our thru-hikes. Not Yet's fiancé would drive up USFS 42 and hike the final mile of the trail with us to the summit.

It was so cold that it took tremendous motivation for me to emerge from my sleeping bag and prepare to hike. I checked the

Also, I looked forward to the company of other AT hikers. Having read that thru-hikers are a special breed, I anticipated meeting those free spirits who are almost as crazy and stubborn as I am!

My most important reason for thru-hiking was the challenge: the opportunity to grow and change in ways — positive ways — that I couldn't imagine. Before my thru-hike, I wrote, "I don't know *how* I'll change; that's a secret that the trail will pass on to me when I'm ready (or maybe when I'm not ready). I want to stop being scared of life, and I'm ready to step out of my comfy little world and face the physical, mental, and spiritual challenges of an AT thru-hike." Stepping out into that world was tough; the ruggedness of the trail in Maine and New Hampshire, and the frigid temperatures in the south were two of the biggest challenges I met on my six-month trek.

MILE 182.7

**July 2000
Bigelow Mountain, Maine**

ON MY WAY UP Little Bigelow, my first mountain of the day, I watched as a

thermometer on my pack: it was a frigid three degrees below zero in the shelter.

One of the most unpleasant sensations a thru-hiker experiences has got to be that of putting cold feet into frozen boots. I'd tried several methods of preventing my boots from freezing at night, but nothing has worked with the cold temps we've had lately. I spent several minutes working those boots on this morning; they were frozen solid, and it was like trying to put on boots that were three sizes too small.

Although I was miserable with cold, I was excited about reaching Springer, which was about 16 miles away. Not only would Springer signify the end of my thru-hike and the reaching of a major goal, but also it meant that I would be sleeping INSIDE that night ... and the next night ... and the next night.

After hiking for nearly a month in temperatures that mostly ranged from single-digits to the mid-40s, I felt ready to return to the comforts of civilization — at least for

awhile.

It's said that your whole life flashes before your eyes when you're about to die. Well, my whole thru-hike seemed to flash before my eyes as I walked the final eight miles to Springer. I fondly remembered the day I summited Mt. Katahdin at the beginning of my journey. I also thought of my deceased grandfather, Leo Baxley, whose presence I had felt so many times on my thru-hike. I first felt that he was with me in Maine as I climbed Katahdin. After that, I would often get an

safely reached my destination.

I smiled a lot and cried a lot during those final miles. The hike wasn't quite the "victory lap" I'd imagined, since we were moving so slowly and I never did stop feeling miserably cold. But then again, nothing on this hike had turned out the way I imagined. And that was good.

We reached USFS 42, 0.9 miles from the summit, at approximately 2:45 in the afternoon. "Is this where everyone was supposed to meet?" I asked.

"I think so," replied Not Yet.

The parking lot was deserted, save for a blue truck covered in snow that belonged to two section hikers we'd met the day before.

We found a note on the information board from another hiker, saying that USFS 42 was open but barely passable. As a result, the people we'd expected to see — my mom, my dad, my sister, and my friends Jim and Maggie — were nowhere to be seen. So Not Yet and I started up the final 0.9 miles to the summit.

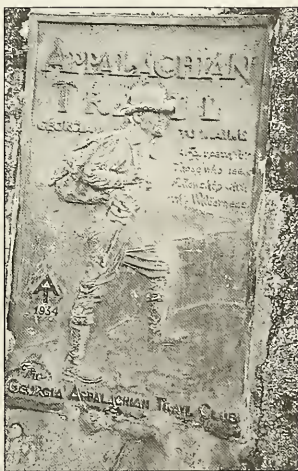
Not Yet raced ahead, but I was so exhausted by the day's hike that it took every ounce of energy I had to keep moving. Finally, I could see the plaque that marks the

southern terminus of the Appalachian Trail. Not Yet was waiting for me, and we hugged, laughed, congratulated each other, and took pictures.

My Springer summit was similar to my Katahdin summit in that I was too tired to jump up and down, yell, and otherwise express my jubilation at reaching the big goal. We were happy but subdued. The last month of hiking had been tough, and we were all glad to end this long, arduous trek through the cold and snow.

It was a fitting way to end our thru-hikes. Not Yet and I had talked about how Mt. Katahdin is sort of an exclamation point for northbounders ending their thru-hikes (most thru-hikers start in Georgia and hike north to Maine), and how Springer is more like a period at the end of a sentence. We'd had incredible journeys, and now it was time to go home.

And so "normal life" began once more. No more sleeping outside, no more hiking all day long, no more following white blazes. That night in the hotel room, I was exhausted but happy. Six months before, I had taken the first step toward fulfilling a dream. That afternoon, after months filled with struggles, triumphs, and joys, I



intense feeling that he was nearby, especially in the mountains. I could sense that he was walking these final miles with me, watching over me, making sure, as always, that I

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Las Tres Amigas

— Our Excellent Ordeal

by Becky Cannaday Merchant '63



Becky Cannaday Merchant, Lynn Butts Preston, Shearer Troxell Luck at Phantom Ranch

Mule trains on Bright Angel Trail

For almost 20 years now the three of us, *las tres amigas*, Lynn Butts Preston, Shearer Troxell Luck and I, have been conducting our own traveling reunions, alternating between eastern and western America, often meeting up with other Mary Baldwin alums. We have been snowed in at the Old Faithful Inn in Yellowstone, listened to jazz at the Spoleto Arts Festival in Charleston, SC, visited our beloved friend and classmate Nancy Ely Wright in Roswell, NM, walked to Horseshoe Canyon in the Maze in Utah, tromped through the wash of the Canyon De Chelly in Arizona, collected conch shells at Sanibel Island in Florida. And we have hiked the Grand Canyon twice.

There is no perceptible rise in elevation as we drive north toward the Canyon from Williams, AZ, no change in otherwise ordinary scenery, not even a canyonette by way of prologue to that amazing hole in the earth. There are no

flashy advertisements on billboards, no tacky signs or indications of first "sightings," only highway mileage markers. The Grand Canyon is allowed to speak for itself.

Even after we are greeted by the brown-and-green-suited National Park Service ranger at her entrance gate, collect activity brochures and maps, drive through the smoke of a controlled burn, and arrive at the Bright Angel Lodge, it is still not clear that we are anywhere special. We walk through the front door of the lodge, a modest brown wooden A-frame building, into a lobby with high ceilings and an enormous stone fireplace. After checking in, we push our way past the noise and bustle of backpackers and busloads of Asians, Germans, and French, out through the glassed back door, and there it is — that great, vast, ribboned layer cake — the Grand Canyon.

The lodge complex is nestled right



up against the edge of the South Rim with a wide, paved pedestrian avenue, perfect for promenading. The walkway, which must be 500 feet long and 20 feet wide with a three-foot stone wall at the canyon drop-off, is crammed with parading visitors, people from everywhere on the planet, delighted to be at this remote, almost inaccessible, wonder of the world. A spirit of festivity, of celebration, of almost giddiness reigns. Tourists are laughing, taking photographs, sitting on the stone wall, drinking champagne, and looking through binoculars and those tall telescopes that charge 25 cents for a 60-second close-up of the monoliths. It is America's Champs Elysée.

The three of us are caught up in the intoxication as well, but our journey is not yet accomplished. While most folks have arrived at their destination and are content to relax and stroll and absorb the views across the ten miles to the North

Rim, we look with anxiety at a diminishing line a mile below, the Bright Angel Trail. This is the path we will be walking tomorrow, all the way to the bottom, across the Colorado River, on to Phantom Ranch.

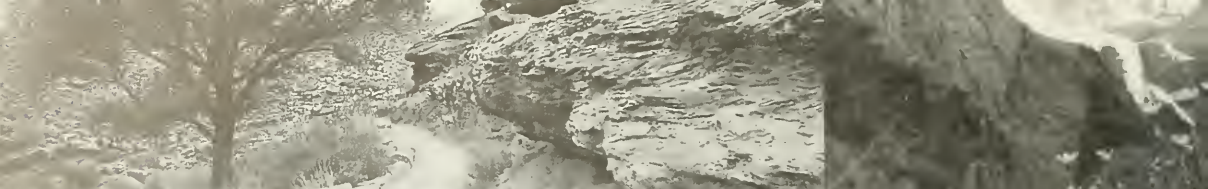
I have often wondered, even after reading Stephen Ambrose's *Undaunted Courage*, if Lewis and Clark spent as much time and effort as we have in preparing for their western adventure. After all, they were used to self-sufficiency and physical effort; we are soft and spoiled by the comforts of modern life, and it has been years since we have chugged up the leg-aching hills of Mary Baldwin College, so we have taken our training seriously.

The fear factor has kept us motivated and focused, no one wanting to be hauled out of the canyon by a helicopter or across the back of a mule like a sack of cornmeal, a mortifying and expensive

alternative to putting one foot in front of the other. We've walked hundreds of miles, climbed mountains, run up stadium steps — sometimes backwards — pulled ourselves up the breakout hill at VMI, attended aerobics classes, worked out with weights and treadmills, hired a personal trainer. In addition to the major job of getting our 50-plus-year-old bodies in shape and our new boots broken in, we have spent hours studying maps, reading about the Southwest, making practical arrangements, and deciding what to take to the bottom — how little can we survive on for three days? You'd be surprised!

The next day, a sunny frigid Monday, begins early with a quiet, nervous breakfast of pancakes and too much coffee and the final preparations — after months of planning — for our excellent ordeal.

With muscles honed, backpacks stuffed, and water bottles filled, we set off.



Left: Indian Gardens, Grand Canyon panorama at top of Devil's Corkscrew, Indian Gardens

Lynn and I are a two-woman team down the Bright Angel Trail. (Shearer has elected to descend the shorter — seven miles as opposed to ten — but steeper South Kaibob Trail.) We've done this before, seven younger years ago, and know what's ahead, which makes the trek psychologically but not physically easier. Last time, I obsessed about it — the difficulty, the danger. My mother worried too: "Honey, I hope you won't get lost." A near impossibility, I assured her. Like Hansel and Gretel, who followed a trail of bread crumbs, we could follow mule droppings.

Not long after our start, the dreaded mule trains shove us aside, at least six of them, one passing us every half hour or so. They have the right of way. At the first sound of clomping four-footed beasts and yells from the trail boss, we start looking around for wide spaces in the trail where we can dive out of the way and plaster ourselves against the canyon wall.

Fortunately, the Bright Angel path-makers cut generous swaths, so that two people can walk abreast, and there are occasional shrub-protected nooks for resting. The trail is dusty and sandy and changes colors, from white to yellow to red to black, depending on the millennium into which we have descended. After the trip, our boots could probably be analyzed for geological DNA.

For most of the hike, the canyon walls are wide apart and provide expansive views of the distant mountain ridges. They do not close in until the trail descends into the deep interior, the last leg of the Bright Angel trek, just before it reaches the Colorado River.

Halfway down is Indian Gardens, a shady relief from the sun and the grit. This little oasis is a grove of cottonwood trees beside the rapidly flowing Pipe Creek. It has picnic tables, rest rooms, camping sites, and fearless chipmunks

and mule deer who thrive on the mercy and leavings of visitors.

The last half of the trip, the five miles to the Colorado River and Phantom Ranch, we travel at a leisurely pace, meeting almost no one. The day hikers have returned to the lodge and dinner; the mule riders are safely corralled at Phantom Ranch, and the more determined hikers have passed us by. Lynn and I want to know, what's the hurry? The male hikers generally say they want to "make good time," and it is a major topic of conversation when we arrive: "So, how long were you on the trail?" We raise a lot of eyebrows with reports of our record-setting snail's pace — perhaps not Guinness Book quality, but right up there — of more than eight hours to walk the 10 miles DOWN. (The park service folks say to allow twice as long to go up as to come down!)

The rewards of lingering allow us literally to smell the roses that grow along the way just below Indian Gardens, under the cottonwoods by the side of the creek. The small pink flowers have a fragrance as sweet and inviting as honeysuckle on a June evening at my home in Virginia.

By the time we arrive at Devil's Corkscrew, the final steep drop to the canyon floor, we have the place to ourselves. From the top of this fascinating configuration, which reminds me of shootouts in old western movies, we can clearly see the mile-and-a-half pattern of exposed switchbacks, 15 by my count. At the bottom, enclosed by dark canyon walls that the area geologists call the Vishnu Schist, we walk the long mile to the Colorado River, fording the creek that crosses our path at least three times. So delighted are we at the sight of that river, a beautiful green, rushing water that has cut its way through mountains for millions of years and nourishes much

of the West, that we are tempted to plunge in, except the temperature is a frigid 50 degrees.

The next mile or so, the trail follows the irregular south bank high above the Colorado River to the silver bridge across the river and then on to Phantom Ranch, our blessed little canyon home.

Phantom Ranch, situated in a grove of cottonwoods beside the Bright Angel Creek, is like a summer camp with simple wood frame buildings and a few stone cabins. It was designed by the renowned southwestern architect Mary Elizabeth Colter and originally reserved for muleteers. There are two dormitories for men and two for women, all with bunk beds and primitive facilities, and a main building that doubles as a dining hall and canteen. It is the only place in the world where you can buy Phantom Ranch t-shirts and postcards marked "delivered by mule from the bottom of the Grand Canyon." Meals are served family style on long tables covered with oilcloth, steaks at 5 p.m., stew at 6:30, all reserved and paid for 23 months in advance.

We check in, dump our meager possessions on the bunks that Shearer, who has made good time, has kindly reserved for us, and take the world's best shower, luxuriating in our share of hot water, washing our dusty, achy, sweaty bodies. After that, we dine on the world's best stew; whether it is the chef's recipe or our well-earned appetites, we don't know. It is just delicious.

Most people fall into bed and are sound asleep by 8:30 p.m. (The men tell us it is a snoring contest in their bunkhouse; we have only one entrant, but she's a champion.) Mornings begin early at Phantom Ranch. The wake-up knock on the door comes with a gentle greeting: "It's 4:30, ladies; time to get up." The women hiking out that day arise for their 5 a.m. breakfast. This



morning we get an extra hour of sleep because we are staying on another day.

Unlike summer camp, we are in charge of our own entertainment. Today, we take a hike above Phantom Ranch on a trail toward Clear Creek Falls, and for me it is the best day of the trip.

The Clear Creek Trail climbs above the ranch for 13 miles to a waterfall, but we only go as far as overlooks of the Colorado River. This trail winds along an exposed mountain ridge through a desert garden blooming with wildflowers. The prickly pear cactus with its spiky flat oval pod and large red poppy-like flowers and sagebrush with its gray-green leaves and distinctive aroma are easy to identify; others require the assistance of a guidebook.

We walk four or five miles and meet almost no one in this remote, peaceful place. The silence is broken only by the voice of a small white-breasted canyon wren. The little fellow, seeming glad of his rare audience, accompanies us for some distance and sings his heart out. I am moved to wonder if my children would be willing to scatter my ashes here someday.

The next morning, the gentle 4:30 wake-up call is for us. Everyone in our dormitory is on the move, jockeying to get into the bathroom — one toilet stall, one shower stall, one sink for the 10 of us — packing up, filling water bottles, stretching muscles, preparing feet. Most of us slept fitfully and are anxious about putting one foot in front of the other for 10 more Grand Canyon miles. On the way down, we occasionally looked behind at the high place we had left,

knowing we would soon be climbing back up that long, steep highway. That time is now.

In the cool of the April morning, by the first light from the sun rising over the canyon walls, the three of us cross the bridge over the Colorado River, walk the river trail and turn in toward the canyon on the now familiar Bright Angel Trail. It leads us along the relatively flat-bottomed Vishnu Schist section, the easy, warm-up portion of the hike before the challenging switchbacks of the Devil's Corkscrew. We take our time, rest often, and stop at the top to enjoy the view of the "Z" cuts below and the panorama — flat-topped mesas in three dimensions and living color, now golden with the Midas touch of the sun.

When we arrive at Indian Gardens — halfway back, five miles accomplished, three hours gone — we begin to gain confidence that we will make it up after all, even knowing that the hardest part of the trip still lies ahead.

After 30 minutes stretched out prone on picnic tables, readjusting socks, retying shoes, checking feet for hot spots (impending blisters), we face the relentless uphill grind and the growing heat. To break the last half of the trip, we set small goals: the three-and-a-half-mile rest house (that's three and a half miles to the top), the two-mile mark, and the one-mile rest house where we stop for lunch. The last two miles are the most strenuous and come when we are the most exhausted. We must climb up and over steep steps made with wooden crossbars to hold in place the

loose sandy trail, rough and worn from the constant foot and mule traffic. In fact, the last mile to the top of the Bright Angel is so crowded with new arrivals sampling the trail that it resembles a pedestrian interstate. The aroma of freshly shampooed hair and suntanned loins wafting from the *nouveaux* greets us as they flip-flop down and we trudge up.

At last, we reach the first of two tunnels near the top of the canyon, the final landmark before we come in sight of the walls of the lodge. Only nine hours from our 5:30 a.m. start, we climb up and out of the Grand Canyon; we have made it in our own good time.

Exhausted mentally and physically, Lynn and Shearer swear that it is *adios* to any more Grand Canyon hikes for them. Not me. As in childbirth, I have already forgotten the pain and am concentrating on the reward, already plotting my next visit and hike. Perhaps some of our fellow alumnae who were unable to join us this year will go next time; and perhaps Lynn and Shearer will recover, change their minds, and return to hike the canyon another day.

To celebrate our excellent ordeal, we take the world's best tub soak — a delicious 30-minute muscle relaxer — treat ourselves to margaritas and a fine meal at the elegant El Tovar Restaurant, and join the contented promenaders along the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, our journey accomplished.

If you wish to contact any of las tres amigas, you can email them at Shearer Troxell Luck, srehab@aol.com; Lynn Butts Preston, sgp Preston@worldnet.att.net; or Becky Cannady Merchant, beckymerchant@hotmail.com

“All things excellent are as difficult as they are rare.”

— Edward Abby, *Desert Solitaire*

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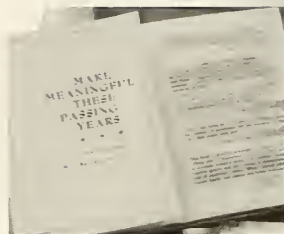
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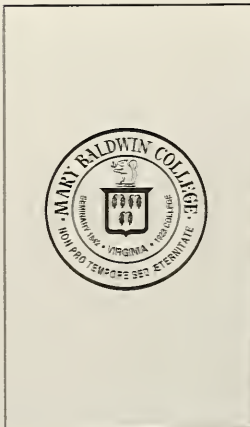
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ALUMNAE/I ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT'S LETTER

In the corporate world, companies regularly examine their mission — the purpose of the organization — to make certain they are “on target” and make adjustments when needed. Academe functions much the same way. Our Board of Trustees, in conjunction with the president and her administrative staff, engage in the same process. Your Alumnae/i Board has operated similarly, having just this spring spent several hours reviewing the association’s mission and vision. With the help of an outside facilitator, the board crafted a new and improved mission statement for the Alumnae/i Association and articulated its vision for the future. Here’s the result of our work:

OUR MISSION

The mission of the MBC Alumnae/i Board is to provide the leadership for the Alumnae/i Association and to serve as ambassadors for the college and its constituents.

OUR VISION


- Increase the visibility of the board and the college in the community at large.
- Embrace the diversity of the alumnae/i and student body through board representation and creative and targeted programming on and off campus.
- Be a catalyst for communication to keep alumnae/i informed, educated, interested, and engaged.
- Educate and engage our constituents to strengthen the college’s base of support through the giving of time, talents, and financial support.

Though the mission and vision have been written from the perspective of the board, the ideas are no less important and pertinent for all alumnae/i. All of us, no matter what year we graduated or from what program, have a responsibility to Mary Baldwin College. We should all work to keep our alma mater visible in a positive way, to be educated about the activities taking place, to provide financial support, and to stay connected to each other and the college. That’s the least we can give back to a place that gave us so much.

Warmly,



Cathy Ferris McPherson '78
President



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Returning the gifts of listening and understanding



Through the article “A Burden Shared — MBC Speaks Out on Breast Cancer” in the fall 2000 *Mary Baldwin Magazine*, the college launched *The Full Circle*. The network is designed to connect Mary Baldwin women who have experienced breast cancer with alumnae who currently battle the disease. In the article, five alumnae and staff shared their stories, leading the way for others who have since volunteered support.

If you have been diagnosed with breast cancer and would

like to contact a supportive friend through this network, please call the Office of Alumnae/i Activities at 800-763-7359. If you are a breast cancer survivor who would like to serve as a supportive friend for alumnae diagnosed with breast cancer, please send your contact information to:

The Full Circle
Office of Alumnae/i Activities
Mary Baldwin College
Staunton, VA 24401
or e-mail: alumnae@mbc.edu
and include “The Full Circle” in the subject line.

CLASS NOTES

Please note that *Columns* and the *Mary Baldwin College Magazine* are published on a quarterly production schedule. It may take two issues, or six months, for your submission to appear in *Class Notes*.

1933

MARGARET GRABILL Jones of Madison VA enjoyed a chance meeting last fall with **ELIZABETH PFOHL Campbell** and **MARTHA STACKHOUSE Grafton** while visiting Sunny-side Retirement Village in Harrisonburg. Margaret captured the moment on film to prove that this meeting with her former dean and assistant dean actually took place 67 years after her graduation from MBC.

1941

MARY ELLEN THOMAS Moorhead of Lynchburg VA reports that husband Lt. Colonel Jesse Jefferson Moorhead passed away on October 18, 2000.

1944

FRANCES TAYLOR Roberts of Orangeburg SC stays busy serving in her church and enjoys spending time with 12 grandchildren.

1945

CELIA LACY Whallen of Orangeburg SC attended the October 2000 wedding of **CARRIE STARLING WARREN Jones '00**, daughter of Celia's goddaughter **AMY NELSON Warren '71**. Celia had not been to Staunton since her 10th reunion in 1955 and says the campus looks beautiful.



Pictured in front of the Administration Building is **CELIA LACY Whallen '45**. Celia was in town for the October 27, 2000, wedding of **CARRIE STARLING WARREN Jones '00**.

1949

MARGARET HOOKS Wilson of Memphis TN and her husband Rollin celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on March 4, 2000. Attending the party were classmates and bridesmaids **KATHERINE POTTS Wellford** of Memphis and **MARGARET ANN NEWMAN Avent** of Greensboro NC. In June 2000 Margaret traveled to the home of **CYNTHIA BETTS Johnson** in Santa Fe NM, where she and **BETTIE GAYLE THOMAS Jacobsen** of Richmond VA enjoyed a mini-reunion.

BETTIE MARTIN Johnson of Corinth MS reports that her two eldest children are now married and she recently celebrated the birth of her first great-grandchild.

1951

CHARLOTTE JACKSON Berry of Columbia SC received the community service award from The Columbia Urban League at its 2000 Equal Opportunity Day Dinner Awards in November. Charlotte has chaired the boards of both the United Way of the Midlands and the United Way of South Carolina.

1953

MARY "MARY JO" SHILLING Shannon of Roanoke VA has been contributing stories and poems to several children's publications over the years. Her work has appeared in *Children's Playmate*, *Highlights*, and most recently in the March 2001 edition of *Cricket*.

1956

BETTIE ANNE HURT Ingram and husband John enjoyed visiting with **KATY KELLER Maulsby** and husband Tom in Gatlinburg TN last summer. When Bettie and John are not traveling, they spend much of their time involved with community work and service in their church.

1958

JANICE GREGORY Belcher of Seaford DE announces that husband Warren passed away on March 24, 2000. In August Janice traveled to Scotland, where she participated in an Elder-hostel program in Glasgow. The trip also allowed an opportunity to visit friends in Edinburgh.



Standing in front of **CYNTHIA BETTS Johnson's** home in beautiful Santa Fe NM are 1949 classmates (l to r) **CYNTHIA BETTS Johnson**, **MARGARET HOOKS Wilson** and **BETTIE GAYLE THOMAS Jacobsen**. These three friends enjoyed a mini-reunion in June 2000.

1962

SALLY HELTZEL Pearsall is reprising her award-winning role from "Smoke on the Mountain" in the sequel, "A Sanders Family Christmas." Produced by Mobile Theatre Guild, on whose board of directors Sally has served for over 20 years, the show has been invited to represent the USA in July 2001 at the International Theatre Festival in Monaco. Founded by Princess Grace, the festival attracts amateur theatre performers from all over the world. "A Sanders Family Christmas" features most of the original cast of "Smoke on the Mountain," which won first place in the 1997 competitions of the American Association of Community Theatre in Grand Rapids MI. Sally was also presented with an acting award at the 1997 competition. Though a singer and long-standing member of the Mobile Opera Chorus, Sally is featured in a largely non-singing role, where she's had to learn sign language and play percussion (tamboourne, spoons, cymbals, wood blocks and washboard) for the first time in her life. "It's not an easy task," she reports, "but I love a challenge!" Sally and husband David live in Mobile AL, where she continues to work as secretary for her church between theatre performances.

1965

CAROL ANNE EMORY of Portland OR is a partner in Emory & Kroos PC and is serving as liaison between the dispute resolution and international law sections of the American Bar Association. Carol also serves as chair of the task force for revision and consensus on the proposed ABA Code of Ethics for Commercial Arbitrators.

1971

EMILY PAINE Carter of Salem VA spent the past seven years working as editorial consultant for *Marine and Freshwater Products Handbook*, a large reference book on the subject. Emily was responsible for selecting 71 writers, assigning their topics and writing schedules, then editing all components. Emily donated a copy of the book to Mary Baldwin.



Having fun in Key West FL over Labor Day weekend 2000 are 1991 classmates (front row, l to r) **ELEANOR WARE**, **GINA GROOME**, **BARBARA "BOBBIE" WELCH Magee**, (back row, l to r) **SARAH PENHALLOW Vostal** and **JENNIFER WEBB**

1972

ELAINE HENDERSON Fowler continues to work for Turner, Padgett, Graham & Lancy in Charleston SC. In August 1999 Elaine and her family moved to the intracoastal waterway of Sullivan Island, where they spend lots of time boating and enjoying water-related activities.

1975

SUSAN BICKERSTAFF Orne and husband Jonathan are very excited to announce the birth of their first child, Meredith Bickerstaff. Susan gave birth to Meredith on October 18, 2000, and left her work as a paralegal to enjoy being a stay-at-home mother. Married for 24 years, Susan and Jon live in the Fan District of Richmond VA, where they've been renovating their 92-year-old home. Jon works as associate general counsel for the State Corporation Commission of VA.

1980

MELINDA "MINDY" MORRISON DODGE of Bainbridge Island WA is currently working as director of benefits and stock administration for Amazon.com. She and husband Rick Spikler are the proud parents of son Coby, 6, and daughter Carly, 3.

1982

LYNN BURRIS Brooke opened up her own Yoga studio in the Carytown business district of Richmond VA. Yoga Source offers six different styles of Yoga and is open 7 days a week.

1984

MARY STUART COPELAND Alfano of Chapel Hill NC works part-time at Old Navy several mornings a week while her children Louisa Ann, 11, and Stuart, 7, attend school. Mary serves as a volunteer in their school and in the Chapel Hill community. In her spare time she loves to run and just completed another marathon.



Celebrating the September 9, 2000, wedding of **SYDNEY LEIGH MCCOWN '93** to John Dustin Sanderson are (l to r) **MARY "ALLISON" HEYWARD, ANURADHA "ANU" NAIDU**, bride **SYDNEY LEIGH MCCOWN Sanderson**, **KIRSTEN ROWE McConnell '91**, **MARY HAMILTON** and **DANETTE LUNA**.

ANNE MOWRY BUSHMAN '95 married Joseph N. Bongiovanni IV in Staunton VA on August 12, 2000. Pictured here are (front row, l to r) Joseph N. Bongiovanni IV, bride **ANNE BUSHMAN Bongiovanni**, **GINA PEREZ**, (back row, l to r) **ANNE KENNAN, ELIZABETH MORGAN**, maid-of-honor **CARRIE BURKE, JULIE YOUNG** and **KATHRYN CARTER Morrissey**.

Surrounding **MARTA ESTELA GALOPIN '96** are MBC friends who attended Marta's wedding to Jack Kalleberg on March 4, 2000 in Gilbert AZ. Pictured (l to r) are **SARA MORRIS '97**, maid of honor **TAKAKO IZUKU '98**, **JULIE LUCERO '97**, bride **MARTA GALOPIN Kalleberg '96**, **JENNA SMITH '97**, **KRISTIN WILLIAMS** and **AIMEE ACETO**.

1985

SUSAN ANN STOVER of New York NY completed another film, *A Business of Strangers*, which was accepted into Robert Redford's Sundance Film Festival for January 2001.

1986

EUSTACIA "STACIA" NICHOLSON Schoeffler enjoys being a homemaker and mother to daughters Wrenn, 6, and Hollyn, 3. Stacia and husband Ed live in Richmond VA, where Ed works as an OB/GYN and Stacia serves as chairman of the Junior League Thrift Shop.

1987

TRACY BURKS Yancey is owner of Lolita Handpainted Crystal, a manufacturing company that produces hand painted and hand crafted crystal, stemware and ornaments. Developed by Tracy and a designer friend in Memphis TN, the product line made its debut at the Atlanta gift market in January and can now be purchased in twelve Eastern US locations. Tracy extends many thanks to **MAUDE "JEANINE" HOLMES Thomas** for her support and longtime friendship, as Jeanine was the first to encourage Tracy to use her middle name, her grandmother's name, for the business. Tracy, husband Scott and daughters

Caroline, 6, and Mary Margaret, 4, hope to move to Atlanta in the near future.

MAUDE "JEANINE" HOLMES Thomas opened a private internal medicine practice last year in Arlington TX, where she resides with husband Derrick and son Darryl, 3.

ELEANOR MCLENDON Bond has owned Eaton Interiors, an interior design business in Dallas TX, for the past two years. Eleanor and husband Monte Michael are the proud parents of daughter Charlotte Eaton, born July 26, 2000.

John works as an attorney. The couple married in April 2000 with **STEPHANIE BAKER Jones** and **CAROLINE ODEN Wylie** attending the ceremony, while **COURTNEY GEORGES Meares '90** served as a bridesmaid.

JENNIFER WEBB resides in Atlanta GA and works as regional sales manager for PragmaTech Software. Traveling every week throughout the Southeast, she enjoys spending time on weekends renovating her 1915 home in Midtown. Jennifer enjoyed Labor Day weekend in Key West FL with fellow classmates **SARAH PENHALLOW Vostal**, **ELEANOR WARE**, **GINA GROOME** and **BARBARA "BOBBIE" WELCH Magee**, and looks forward to seeing everyone at their 10-year reunion this May.

1992

MARY GUTHRIE ANDREWS of Houston TX is enjoying her job as a preschool teacher for The Montessori Schools.

KIMBERLY ARMSTRONG Branner of Winchester VA teaches 4th grade at John Kerr Elementary School.

LINDSAY BRUNY Whitesell and husband David live in Staunton VA with their daughter Emma Grace Elizabeth, born in February 2000. Lindsay loves being a stay-at-home mother to Emma Grace, their three dogs and one cat. She serves on the board of the Staunton-Augusta Junior Women's Club.

MARY ELIZABETH "MARY BETH" GORCYS Pauley and husband Hans moved to Fredericksburg VA in September 2000. Mary Beth loves being a stay-at-home mother to 20-month-old son Jackson, and has fun taking him to Kindermusik and Gymboree classes. Mary Beth and Hans enjoyed seeing **AMY GUFFEY Darby**, **JULIA SHUGART Crist** and **ANN PENDLETON Kincer** while attending a VMI/Citadel game in Lexington VA last fall.

LEIGH ANN JENNINGS of Lafayette LA received her master's degree in education from The University of Louisiana at Lafayette in December 2000. Newly engaged to Scott Lissard, the couple plans to wed on February 25, 2001.

WENDY MICHELE MOORE Hubbard and husband Todd moved to the Roanoke VA area in

IN MEMORIAM



SIMONE WADE passed away on December 11, 2000, in Homestead FL from complications of multiple sclerosis. Graduating magna cum laude in 1987 with a degree in Spanish, Simone returned to her home state of Florida, where family and friends surrounded her during the 12 years of her illness. In addition to being a loving daughter, sister and friend, Simone was an active participant in scholarship pageants, and held the scholarship title of Miss North America. In recognition of Simone's support of scholarship pageants, The Miss Homestead Pageant now gives a community service scholarship in her honor. Simone was passionate about Christian missions, and participated on missions teams in Sweden, Spain, Egypt, and Italy.

1988

LAURA LYNN HARWELL Ribble of Alexandria VA recently moved into a new home with husband John and their two children, Jack, 6, and Allison, 2. Laura works as an elementary reading teacher for Fairfax County Public Schools and John works for Aetna. She is excited about the many opportunities for volunteer involvement at MBC.

LAMBDA ALUMNAE NETWORK

All those interested in joining an e-mail network for lesbian, bisexual, and allied alumnae/i are invited to sign up by sending an e-mail to lambda@intelos.net and requesting to be included in future communications of the Lambda Alumnae Network.



Several MBC classmates served as attendants in the wedding ceremony for **JESSICA KATHRYN CHARLES '98** and Chris Copenhaver on June 3, 2000. Pictured here are (middle row, l to r) **HEATHER FRAZIER Sivilous**, bride **JESSICA CHARLES Copenhaver**, **AMANDA CLARK Hoffman**, (back row, l to r) **CHARISSA STOUFFER** and **HEATHER ROTHWELL**.



Pictured here on her wedding day is **TREVA KENOALL HURTT '97**. Treva married Christopher Lane Turman on October 21, 2000, at Main Street United Methodist Church in Waynesboro VA.

1999, where Wendy teaches 4th grade at a Greenfield Elementary and Todd works for the *Roanoke Times* as circulation manager. They have three daughters, Emily, 8, Lauren, 5, and Caroline, 1.

MARY "MEGAN" SMITHDEAL Vengala married Christopher Vengala of India on June 3, 2000, with **ANGELA PERRI '91** attending the wedding. Megan and Christopher reside in Monroe NC and work as full-time missionaries for Youth With a Mission in Charlotte. **1993**

TERRI BLACKWELL Ragland of Fort Walton Beach FL is working as a realtor for Century 21 in Wimeo.

SUMMER LYN BROWN of Charlotte NC became engaged to Ashley Kelly Phar this past fall. The wedding is planned for March 24, 2001, and will be held in her hometown of Augusta GA. **HEATHER SMITH Harvison** will be a bridesmaid.

AMELIA ELIZABETH "AMY" BURROUGHS Ikerd of Raleigh NC recently accepted the position of project manager and quality control specialist with Ericsson Inc. Working for over five years in state emergency response management, Amy can now enjoy spending more time with husband Scott and their dogs "Salem" and "Ike."

ELIZABETH HORNE Barnes and husband Christopher live in Four Oaks NC, where Elizabeth works as a reporter for *The Four Oaks-Benson News in Review*, and Christopher serves as minister for Elm City Church of God of Prophecy. Elizabeth and Christopher were married in July 1999.

EMILY OEHLER of Washington DC specializes in producing video news releases, generic news stories that local affiliate stations across the county can run as their own. Recent projects include a 20th anniversary newscast for Mothers Against Drunk Driving, prevention of identity theft, hurricane safety, adoption and environmental issues. Emily is active as a board member and chair of internal communications for the Junior League of Northern VA.

BELYNDA PHILLIPS Randolph considers herself very fortunate. Belynda, husband Alan

Kirk, and sons, Zachary, 4, and Jamie, 2, live in Portsmouth VA.

ALICE "ALLIE" WITT Jamison married Harrison Jamison on July 15, 2000. The couple resides in Lawrenceville VA, where Allie teaches first grade at Brunswick Academy.

1994

LAURA SWANSON HILL of Stevensville MD enjoyed a visit in California last year with **TERRI DERSCH '93** and **ELIZABETH BRANDON '95**

SABRINA DARROW RAKES recently moved from Cincinnati OH to Dallas TX. Engaged to Jessen Fahey in October 2000, Sabrina is busy planning their California wedding to be held on October 13, 2001.

1995

ANNE BUSHMAN Bongiovanni of Narberth PA married Joseph N. Bongiovanni IV in Staunton VA on August 12, 2000. Anne's parents Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bushman of Staunton hosted the wedding reception in the Student Activity Center at MBC. Several dear MBC friends attended the wedding, including maid-of-honor **CARRIE BURKE**, bridesmaids **ELIZABETH MORGAN**, **ANNE KENNAN**, and **JULIE YOUNG**. Also attending were **KATHERYN CARTER Morrisey**, **GINA PEREZ**, **ALISON COYNER Dickinson** and **LEAH DALKE Timmerman '94**.

1996

MARTA GALOPIN Kalleberg of Mesa AZ was married to Jack Kalleberg on March 24, 2000 in Gilbert AZ. Attending the wedding were maid of honor **TAKAKO IKEZUKI '98**, **SARA MORRIS '97**, **JULIE LUCERO**, **JENNA SMITH**, **KRISTIN WILLIAMS** and **AIMEE ACETO**. In 1998 Marta received her M.S. in economics from Purdue University. She is currently employed as an economist at Arizona Corporation Commission.

SHANA LYNN MAY took leave of her three-year profession as a teacher for emotionally disabled children to see the world. Working as a flight attendant for Delta Airlines, Shana divides her time between residences in Norfolk VA and New York.

1997

ELEANOR KARGES WETZEL of Evansville IN received her J.D. from Indiana State University in May 2000. Currently, she is employed as a federal law clerk for the Honorable Judge Richard L. Young, U.S. District Court for the Southern District of Indiana. Eleanor was admitted to the Indiana Bar in November 2000.

1998

JESSICA CHARLES Copenhaver of Leesburg VA received her M.A. in history from James Madison University in May and married her high school sweetheart Chris Copenhaver in June 2000. Wedding attendants included **HEATHER FRAZIER Sivilous**, **HEATHER ROTHWELL**, **CHARISSA STOUFFER** and **AMANDA CLARK Hoffman**. Jessica works as a foreign policy analyst for a government contractor in Tysons Corner VA.

LATESHA HOOKER Adkins and husband Nicholas were married last year and welcomed the arrival of son Brandon James in June 2000. The family resides in Richmond VA, where Latesha works as a juvenile probation officer for Henrico County.

1999

TRIMBLE LEIGH BAILEY of Roanoke VA became engaged to Jonathan W. Spitzer in December 2000. The couple plans to wed on May 26, 2001.

MELISSA LYNN MCMANAMA of Winston-Salem NC will graduate from Wake Forest University in May 2001 with a master's degree in science. This summer, Melissa will be studying bone health in children through a research grant. In the fall of 2001, she will begin work toward a Ph.D. in human physiology.

2000

MARGARET ELLEN LEVERETT of Eatontown NJ began law school at Georgetown University Law Center this past fall.

AMANDA LOUISE YOUNG formerly of Scottsville VA purchased her first home in Staunton this past fall. Amanda works for the

state as a probation and parole officer, and recently became engaged to Ryan T. McCray, 1999 graduate of Virginia Tech.

ADP

1995

JUDY MAE MOORE of Wylliesburg VA received the Famous Poet of 2000 award from the Famous Poets Society in Ashland OR. Several of Judy's works are scheduled for publication. "Battered" will appear in *Nature of Echoes* by the National Library of Poetry and *Best Poetry of 2000* by the Famous Poets Society. "Who Am I" will be published in *Amenca's in the Millennium* by the National Library of Poetry, while *Poetry Elite* will publish both "Who Am I" and "Master of the Universe." Judy has served as a volunteer historian for Old Dominion R&D in Charlotte Court House VA since January 2000.

1997

TREVA KENDALL HURTT Turman married Christopher Lane Turman in Waynesboro VA on October 21, 2000. The couple enjoyed a honeymoon in Cancun, Mexico, and now reside in Palmyra VA, where Treva is employed with State Farm Insurance.

JOHN E. GRACE was elected vice president of operations at Dixon, Hubard & Feinour, Inc. in Roanoke VA. John was also reappointed to run the YMCA Central Branch Partners of Youth 2001 campaign fundraiser after his team achieved 200 percent of their goal for 2000. Partners of Youth provides scholarships to the YMCA and funds programs such as the Magic Place, the largest before and after school program in VA, and Drop-In, which provides tutoring and dropout prevention counseling.

MARRIAGES

SANDRA NELL STURGIS '91 to John Giddens, April 6, 2000

MARY "MEGAN" SMITHDEAL '92 to Christopher Vengala, June 3, 2000

SYDNEY LEIGH MCCOWN '93 to John Dustin Sanderson, September 9, 2000

MARY ALICE "ALLIE" WITT '93 to Harrison Jamison, July 15, 2000

MARGARET WISTER WURTS '93 to Chris Brown, September 16, 2000

SARA MICHELLE BRAXTON '95 to Patrick Thomas Keith, July 7, 2000

ANNE MOWRY BUSHMAN '95 to Joseph N. Bongiovanni IV, August 12, 2000

JULIE LORRAINE ECKARD '96 to James C. Young III, December 9, 2000

MARTA ESTELA GALOPIN '96 to Jack Kalleberg, March 4, 2000

TREVA KENDALL HURTT '97 ADP to Christopher Lane Turman, October 21, 2000

JESSICA KATHRYN CHARLES '98 to Christopher David Copenhaver, June 3, 2000

LATESHA DONTAE HOOKER '98 to Nicholas Adkins, December 1, 2000

COURTNEY CHAPMAN SHRECKHISE '98 MAT to Martin Andrew Judd, June 24, 2000

CARRIE STARLING WARREN '00 to Steve Jones, October 27, 2000

BIRTHS

SUSAN BICKERSTAFF Orme '75 and Jonathan: a daughter, Meredith Bickerstaff, October 18, 2000

HELEN LETTUNICH Chaney '86 and Rick: a daughter, Jamie Kellam, October 3, 2000

SUSAN SEYMOUR Chester '87 and Timothy: a daughter, Elizabeth Campbell, November 1, 1999

ELEANOR MCCLENDON Bond '88 and Monte Michael: a daughter, Charlotte Eaton, July 26, 2000

CARMI DEBNAM Farrell '89 and Rob: a daughter, Hannah Elizabeth, August 19, 2000

HOLLY PORTER Vitullo '89 and Lenny: a daughter, Isabella Marie, January 8, 2001

SUSAN GABBARD Sherman '90 and Todd: a son, Tyler Moss, June 28, 2000

SUSAN MOREY Petriolo '90 and John: a daughter, Amanda "Mandy" Morey, December 14, 2000

TIA TILMAN Owen '90 and Duncan: a son, Duncan Shaw, September 11, 2000

LINDSAY BRUNY Whitesell '92 and David: a daughter, Emma Grace Elizabeth, February 6, 2000

KIMBERLY FOGEL Hudnall '92 and Chad: a son, Austin Michael, March 17, 2000

MARY ANNE MULHERIN McCollum '92 and John: a daughter, Mary Catherine, November 2, 2000

JACQUELINE "JACKIE" MCFADEN Gilreath '93 and Chad: a son, Ian Tucker, September 7, 2000

RHODA "LANE" MCLEOD Perry '93 and Jim: a daughter, Mary Waite Hamrick, September 29, 2000

JULIE LODGE Ustruck '94 and Christopher: a son, Jack Christopher, December 12, 2000

LATESHA HOOKER Adkins '98 and Nicholas: a son, Brandon James, June 1, 2000

MARY ELIZABETH GORCYS Pauley '92 and Hans: a son, Jackson Gregory, May 19, 1999

ELIZABETH ANNE KEPLINGER Keene '92 and Andrew: a son, Dylan Alexander, November 4, 2000

AMY MARIE KESSINGER Henson '99 and David: a daughter, Kaleigh Shaa, October 20, 1999

DEATHS

ELLEN BURKHOLDER Shumate '27, December 13, 2000

MARGARET TRAWIN LITTLE McComas '29, December 2, 2000

NELLIE WERNER Thomas '31, November 29, 2000

CHRISTIANA MCMULLEN ARMSTRONG '33, December 5, 2000

FRANCES GARWOOD Craft '38, December 4, 2000

SARA RANSON Woltman '38, December 13, 2000

ANITA CONSTANCE Malugani '39, Date Unknown

MIRIAM STITH Homer '42, May 17, 2000

JULIA ANNE KOHLER Peterson '44, Date Unknown

CHARLOTTE EICHER Vorwerk '57, November 11, 2000

GLORIA ARCARO Rowley (Dali) ADP '85, December 16, 2000

SIMONE WADE '87, December 11, 2000

IN MEMORIAM Jim Spillman, 1902-2000

James T. Spillman, college treasurer and business manager emeritus, died on December 8, 2000, at his home in Radford, VA. Spillman earned his A.B. from Davidson College and served Mary Baldwin from 1930 until 1970.

Ellen Holtz '60, coordinator of ADP/MAT financial aid, remembers Spillman as a "wonderful business manager who cared a lot about students as well as the college. He was very personable and helpful to the students — cashed our checks, made train reservations. He also walked the campus, checking to be sure everything was okay."

According to Dean James Lott "Mr. Spillman was the consummate gentleman, always polite and friendly even though appropriately businesslike." Lott remembers Spillman's help when he and his wife were buying their first home in Staunton. "He advised me to offer \$4,500 less than the asking price, and I was amazed that the owners accepted. When I told him the good news, Mr. Spillman looked disappointed and said, "We probably could have gotten it for less."

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Sed Aeternitate

Not for time but for eternity...

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Mark L. Atchison,
Vice President for Institutional Advancement
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Mary Baldwin College
Staunton, VA 24401
(540) 887-7011 • E-mail: mmasters@mbc.edu



had finally completed my 2,167.1-mile trek south on the Appalachian Trail.

Looking Back

February 2001

PEOPLE ASK if the experience of thru-hiking has changed me. Of course it has. And I've learned a lot.

While I learned that I'm more scared than I imagined, I also learned that I have more courage than I thought. If I had never discovered and faced certain fears, I never would have had to exercise courage at all. It is such an awesome feeling to know that I can face the things I'm afraid of with some degree of courage and calm. I learned firsthand on the AT that being brave isn't always about feeling brave.

My hike also made me feel more connected to nature and more connected to myself; those are changes I expected.

What I didn't expect was what the trail taught me about my "independence." I went to the trail with a need to exercise my independent spirit, to experience a lifestyle in which I didn't depend on parents, boyfriends, or anyone but myself. I wanted to hike solo, and I knew I would feel even more independent after having hiked 2,167.1 miles on my own.

I feel more confident, yes, but the trail taught me what a myth my "independence" is. I saw how dependent — or interdependent — we all are. Sure, I hiked the trail "by

myself" — but not really. Without "trail magic," the selfless help and moral support of people like the hostel owners and the people I hiked with at various times, I might not have made it to Springer Mountain. So often, when I hit a mental wall, "trail magic" and trail friendships got me through. So, while I took every step on my own and hiked without a partner, I didn't really hike the trail on my own. As a result, rather than feeling more independent of people, I feel more connected to them than ever now. I love people more, and I want to do more for people because I've seen that humanity isn't as bad as so many people make it out to be.

"Will you hike the trail again?" I've been asked.

Yes, I'll hike the trail again. I'm happy to be home, but the trail is a "home" of sorts, and I won't be able to stay away for long. I learned a great deal from my experience, but that doesn't mean I'm finished learning. Yes, I'm looking forward to the day when, once again, I touch the trail sign at Katahdin, then take the first step southbound on the Appalachian Trail — the first of many that will take me, once again, to Springer Mountain.



Map printed with permission of GORP.com (www.gorp.com).

Two-thirds of the U.S. population live within 550 miles of the Appalachian Trail, which wends its way through the valleys and ridges of the ancient Appalachian Mountain range. Starting at Mt. Katahdin, it leads the hiker through Maine's "100-Mile Wilderness," and then over some of that state's most rugged ranges. In New Hampshire, the Trail goes through the White Mountains; among the 5,000+ foot mountains it traverses is Mt. Washington, the highest point in New Hampshire. In Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, the mountains get increasingly gentler; in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia, the Trail rarely even approaches an altitude of 2,000 feet. The mountains start up again in Virginia, and the Trail's southern states are rugged ones for hikers.

time, about midnight. Jim danced every dance. He's a cool dancer. So is Pam. Judy was in heaven, and Jim had so much fun, he wanted to do it again; but then he went on sabbatical, so we haven't had another one.

Another time I remember was a dinner my husband Paul and I were invited to at the Lotts' house soon after I was hired. We sat out on the porch because it was a beautiful summer day, then had a wonderful meal with much talking and laughing. After dinner, a huge storm blew up, so we stayed and waited for it to clear. When it was over, we walked out onto the front porch to leave and thanked Jim and Pam. They were standing with their arms around each other. The street was so quiet. Then they started serenading us with "Midnight Ladies," holding both of their arms up, harmonizing perfectly, as we got into the car. On the way home, I said to my husband, "How do you like our dean?"

- Marlena Hobson
Assistant Professor of Art

Most of my colleagues have known Jim Lott only as their dean. I have had the privilege of knowing him also as a colleague. Jim, the professor, shared with me his ideas about how to incorporate writing and literature into my courses. He brought humor and literary allusions, not to mention second-hand smoke, to our lively discourses in the old faculty lounge.

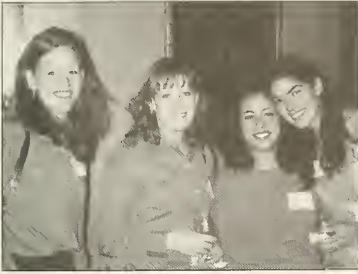
Through his dashing example, Jim showed his more junior colleagues how to counter antagonistic thrusts from the powers that be with eloquence, wit, and a sharp just-telling-it-like-it-is. In the fullness of time, another configuration of the powers that be incorporated him. When Jim became dean, faculty meetings took on a different air and we were often treated to a *pas de deux* of superb quick wit between our president and our dean that many of us will miss. With the facial lines of a stern minister, the whiskey sours of a sincere bartender, the physique of a younger athlete, the empathy of a humanist, the sarcasm of a grumpy old man, and the neckties of someone who valued simultaneously color, order, and fun, Jim is a study in contrasts. He is to be celebrated as an actor, a writer, a good dancer, an administrator, and a teacher, but I will particularly remember him appreciating, and teaching my students and me to appreciate, the likes of Keats' "Ode to Autumn":

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue...

- Judy Klein
Professor of Economics

New York City, NY

Women's National Republican Club, February 2001



Julie Renn '96, Samantha Oehl '00,
Angela Mendoza '98, Susannah Courant '98



Judith Godwin '52, Dr. Cynthia H. Tyson,
Martha McMullan Aasen '51



Joanne Reich '88, Karen Burns Udell '99,
Rosa May Scott '92

Sarasota, FLA

Luncheon at The Field Club, February 2001



Edith James Mickley '49, Dr. Samuel Sager (host-husband of
Anne Millner Sager '49) Dr. Cynthia H. Tyson, Karen Emmet Hunt
'80, Clare Wolfe Carter '85, Cary Breathed Weaver '53

Naples, FLA

Luncheon at the Collier Athletic Club, February 2001



Mary Duke Blouin '49, Susan English '82, Nancy Kirchner
Eliason '50, Elizabeth Boyer Bullock '49, Hostess Bonnie
Kennedy Kant '74, Dr. Cynthia H. Tyson

Charlottesville, VA

Cocktails at Keswick Hall, January 2001



Dr. Jerry Venn, Lottie Noell Wilkinson '74,
Hostess Nancy Hopkins Parsons '81, Mary
Hotchkiss Leavell '73



Betty Ott Smallwood '46, Lee Johnston Foster '75,
Cullen Craddock '75



Robert Fooks, Mary Penzold Fooks '61, Florence
Lee Daniel Wellons '60

Are women better leaders?

As more rise to positions of power, the evidence is intriguing

When George W. Bush looked out during his first speech to Congress, he saw the faces of more women than at any time in the nation's history. Thirteen women have taken their seats in the Senate this year — including four newcomers to the chamber — and 59 have been sworn in as members of the House, breaking records in both cases. The great bulk of them are Democrats, but Bush is the first Republican president in history who has made white males a minority in his own cabinet.

What we are seeing is that politics is gradually beginning to catch up with medicine, law, business, journalism, and other professions in the advancement of females as leaders. Even greater changes lie ahead: Young women make up the majority of all undergraduates in American colleges and about half of all graduate students in law and medicine. Business schools have lagged behind others in female participation, but with women making up a third of their enrollment, even they are changing.

Advocates say there is a good reason for the emergence of women as leaders in one field after another: Women have begun knocking on glass ceilings at the very time that the demands for leadership are changing. As Sally Helgesen and Helen Fisher point out in their popular books, many organizations are no longer looking for top-down authority figures like Jack Welch but for more participative, inclusive approaches to leadership within flattened hierarchies. In her book *The Web of Inclusion*, Helgesen argues that to succeed in a service economy that is fluid, technology-driven, and based on creative relationships, a business must be structured like a web—not a pyramid.

Teamwork. Women, according to Fisher, have a natural advantage in “web thinking.” She and others believe that

women have a greater tendency than men to take a holistic, contextual view of any issue at hand, considering a web of interrelated factors, instead of compartmentalizing problems and assessing their linear cause-effect components. For example, Fisher writes in *The First Sex*, “women generally look at individual social problems, such as drug abuse or teen pregnancy, and link them to broader, deeper social ills.”

The rise of so many female leaders shouldn't surprise. *Business Week* magazine recently conducted a survey of management studies and came to this conclusion: “After years of analyzing what makes leaders most effective and figuring out who's got the Right Stuff, management gurus now know how to boost the odds of getting a great executive: Hire a female.” It quoted Harvard Business School Prof. Rosabeth Moss Kanter: “Women get high ratings on exactly those skills needed to succeed in the global information age, where teamwork and partnering are so important.”

Whether that is true in every case remains debatable. Carly Fiorina, a poster girl of women CEOs, has recently been struggling at Hewlett-Packard. Her supporters say that no one, man or woman, could do better at reinventing the company. Meanwhile, other women are flourishing as leaders in nontraditional roles. Entrepreneur Donna Dubinsky cofounded Palm, the hand-held computing giant, then left and cofounded its highly successful rival, Handspring. By her mid-40s, she had created two companies with a total market value of more than \$37 billion. In Arizona, women have been elected to the top spots in state government. In North Carolina, women are winning high marks as leaders of three of the state's most prestigious universities: Duke, the University of

North Carolina, and North Carolina State.

Have we indeed entered a brave new world where women will prove to be more effective leaders than men? Will they change the pictures in our heads of what a leader should look and act like? Will we discover that men become better leaders if they adopt some of the traits of women — and that, vice versa, the best female leaders, like Britain's Margaret Thatcher, have some masculine traits, too?

Or is all this talk about women as leaders premature? Is the real issue for women the same as it has always been? Are there still so many barriers in their way that they can't claim an equal place in the arena? After all, at the very time many are celebrating the increase in the number of women in the House and Senate (to 13 percent and 14 percent, respectively), in Germany, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavian countries, women hold more than 25 percent of seats in the lower houses of parliament.

What do you think? Do women make better leaders? *The Mary Baldwin College Magazine* welcomes your views in this growing debate. We invite you to send us your thoughts, and we look forward to publishing some of this correspondence in a future college publication.

— The Editor

Contact us:
sconnor@mbc.edu
or
Director of Publications
Office of College Relations
Mary Baldwin College
Staunton, VA 24401

Scholarships allow MBC to compete for top students whose enthusiasm for learning is contagious.

PHILANTHROPY

Through the generosity of alumnae/i and friends, Mary Baldwin is able to provide financial assistance to a number of our students. Mary Baldwin College currently has 126 endowed scholarships and 18 annual scholarships. This year 155 students received one or more of these.



l to r: Brandy Caleb, Shelly Straw, and Jennifer Powell

The Dorothy Baughan Moore Scholarship

was established in 1958 by Mrs. Dorothy Baughan Moore '43.

Shelly Straw, 2000-2001 Dorothy Baughan Moore Scholarship recipient: "I owe much to Mrs. Moore for establishing the Dorothy Baughan Moore Scholarship. Because of her donation, I am able to pursue my college career at Mary Baldwin."

Mrs. Moore — "I had such a wonderful college experience at Mary Baldwin that I wanted to give other young women the same opportunity I had. I can never repay the school for all it did for me, but by establishing a scholarship I felt I could give back and continue to help the college."

The J. M. Tull Foundation Scholarship

was established in 1950 by the Tull Foundation of Atlanta, GA, to support deserving students.

Brandy Caleb, 2000-2001 J. M. Tull Foundation Scholarship recipient: "As a recipient of the J. M. Tull Foundation Scholarship, I am very grateful for the contributions of the donors. These donors are helping me develop a firm foundation for my future at Mary Baldwin College and beyond."

The W. W. Sproul Scholarship

was established in 1979 by Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sproul. Mr. Sproul served for many years as a member of the Board of Trustees of Mary Baldwin College.

Jennifer Powell, 2000-2001 W. W. Sproul Scholarship recipient: "Donors like Mrs. Sproul make it possible for students to complete their education here at Mary Baldwin College. I am honored to be chosen as the W. W. Sproul Scholarship recipient and would like to thank Mrs. Sproul for taking such an interest in my education."

To you who have given unselfishly of your own resources because you believe in Mary Baldwin College and because you want to help students like Shelly, Jennifer, and Brandy, we thank you. Without your generosity, which has a direct and human impact on the future of our institution, we would not be able to offer the level of financial support we currently provide.

If you would like to discuss the gift of an education by establishing a scholarship, please contact Martha Masters '69, Director of Development, at 1-800-622-4255.

THE MARY BALDWIN COLLEGE MAGAZINE
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA 24401

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Mr. and Mrs. William C. Follard
200 N Market St
Staunton VA 24401-3629

Janice Breeden is working toward her BA in studio art at Mary Baldwin. She received the Ulysse Deportes Award for Outstanding Achievement in Studio Art in 2001.

She says " 'The Running Man' was created out of the helter-skelter of my life. The six panels are oversized and personalized forms that portray the metaphor of life's haste which begins at birth and continues to death."



"The Running Man" Series
Janice E. Breeden
Hunt Gallery Exhibit, April 16-20, 2001